

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

FAMILY BUSINESS

MARK WAID
JAMES ROBINSON
GABRIELE DELL'OTTO
WERTHER DELL'EDERA



MARVEL OGN

MARK WAID and JAMES ROBINSON
Writers

GABRIELE DELL'OTTO
Painted Art

WERTHER DELL'EDERA
Pencils

Ve's Joe Caramagna
Letters

Ellie Pyle and Tom Brennan
Associate Editors

Stephen Wacker
Editor

Jennifer Grünwald
Collection Editor

Alex Starbuck
Associate Managing Editor

Mark D. Beazley
Editor, Special Projects

Jeff Youngquist
Senior Editor, Special Projects

David Gabriel
SVP Print, Sales and Marketing

Rian Hughes
Book Designer

Axel Alonso
Editor In Chief

Joe Quesada
Chief Creative Officer

Dan Buckley
Publisher

Alan Fine
Executive Producer
Special thanks to
Christopher Vost

AMAZING SPIDER-MAN: FAMILY BUSINESS

© 2014 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

ALAN FINE, EVP
Office of the President, Marvel Worldwide, Inc.
and EVP and CMO Marvel Characters B.V.
DAN BUCKLEY
Publisher and President -
Print, Animation and Digital Divisions
JOE QUESADA
Chief Creative Officer
TOM BREVOORT
SVP of Publishing
DAVID BOGART
SVP of Operations and Procurement, Publishing
C.B. CEBULSKI
SVP of Creator and Content Development
DAVID GABRIEL
SVP Print, Sales and Marketing
JIM O'KEEFE
VP of Operations and Logistics
DAN CARR
Executive Director of Publishing Technology
SUSAN CRESPI
Editorial Operations Manager
ALEX MORALES
Publishing Operations Manager
STAN LEE
Chairman Emeritus

For information regarding advertising in
Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please
contact NIZA DISLA Director of Marvel
Partnerships at ndisla@marvel.com.

For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call
800-217-9158.

Manufactured between 1/6/2013 and
2/17/2014
by R.R. DONNELLEY, INC., SALEM, VA, USA.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Tell me a **Spider-Man** story.
And make it a good one.

We all know **Spidey.**

He's been part of our culture for more than half a century. He's in comic books, movies, and cartoons. Action figures, lunchboxes, and pajamas. And we all know his story...

Peter Parker—bitten by a radioactive spider—gains Great Power but learns it comes with a price: Great Responsibility.

That lesson is at the character's core and has been the fuel for every great **Spidey** story for fifty years.

So how do you keep that up and keep it fresh? How can you find a new responsibility for Pete? What will have us anxiously flipping to the next page? What's that twist no **Spidey** scribe's thought of before?

And that's where **Mark Waid** and **James Robinson** deliver. They drive this story right up to you in a super-charged sports car, fling open the door, and yell, "Jump in"—and you're off! They're taking you and **Spidey** to places he's never been... with a mysterious new character who changes everything.

Family Business gives you all the Spidey action, twists, and turns you could want—all gorgeously brought to life by **Gabriele Dell'Otto** and **Werther Dell'Edera**. This is more than a comic you'll read—it's one you'll re-read. Not just a good **Spidey** story, but a **great** one!

Dan Slott
December 2013



Tunisia.
THREE MONTHS AGO.





HOW...
HOW DID
YOU GET PAST
THE ASYLUM'S
GUARDS...?

THEY WORK
FOR ME, MR.
FLUMM. AND YOU
DON'T KNOW IT
YET, BUT--

--SO DO
YOU.



I ADMIT
I'VE FALLEN ON
HARD TIMES. I BECAME
TOO COMPLACENT AS THE
HEAD OF ALL NEW YORK
CRIME...LEFT MYSELF
VULNERABLE.

SOME MONTHS
AGO I FOUND
MYSELF IN THIS PART
OF THE WORLD WITH NO
ORGANIZATION, NO
BUSINESS, AND NO
PROSPECTS.

I'M NOT
COMFORTABLE
ADMITTING THAT
I PANICKED.

"SO I PUT
A PLAN INTO
MOTION.



"I STARTED
THE RIGHT
WHEELS
TURNING."



I SAW
THAT. IN YOUR
MIND'S EYE...THE
PICTURES WERE
SO VIVID...

PLEASE.
KEEP TALKING.
IT TAKES ME
OUT OF
HERE.


WELL,
THAT'S THE
IRONY.



I FAKED
LOSING MY
MIND TO A
BERSERKER
RAGE.


HERE
IS WHERE I
ENDED UP. LEFT TO
ROT IN THIS VERY
HOSPITAL, THIS
VERY WARD.

NO. NO...!
IT CAN'T
BE! YOU GOT
OUT? NO ONE
GETS OUT!
HOW--?



BY NOT LOLLING
ABOUT IN *SELF-*
PITY, MR. FLUMM. ONCE
I WAS *HERE*, WHERE I
WAS *UNDERESTIMATED*,
CONSIDERED *HELPLESS*,
I DID WHAT I
ALWAYS DO:


I OBSERVED
THOSE AROUND
ME. I EXPLOITED
WEAKNESSES.



"I DISCOVERED THE
CHIEF SURGEON HAD A
STRONG TASTE FOR A
PRESCRIPTION
NARCOTIC OF
RELIABLE *SUPPLY*.



"SO WITH
SOME...*COERCED*
ASSISTANCE...



"...I MADE THAT
SUPPLY *UNRELIABLE*...
CREATING A DEMAND
THAT ONLY *I*
COULD FILL."



BEFORE LONG,
THE CHIEF SURGEON
WAS ONLY TOO GLAD TO
RELEASE ME...AND TO
GRANT ME ANOTHER
FAVOR:

WAREHOUSING
YOU IN AN
ATMOSPHERE THAT
WOULD NULLIFY YOUR
TELEPATHIC POWERS
UNTIL I COULD PUT
THEM TO USE.

YOU?

YOU THREW
ME DOWN THIS PIT
OF HELL? DROWNED
ME IN ANGUISH--
PARANOID
PSYCHOSES--

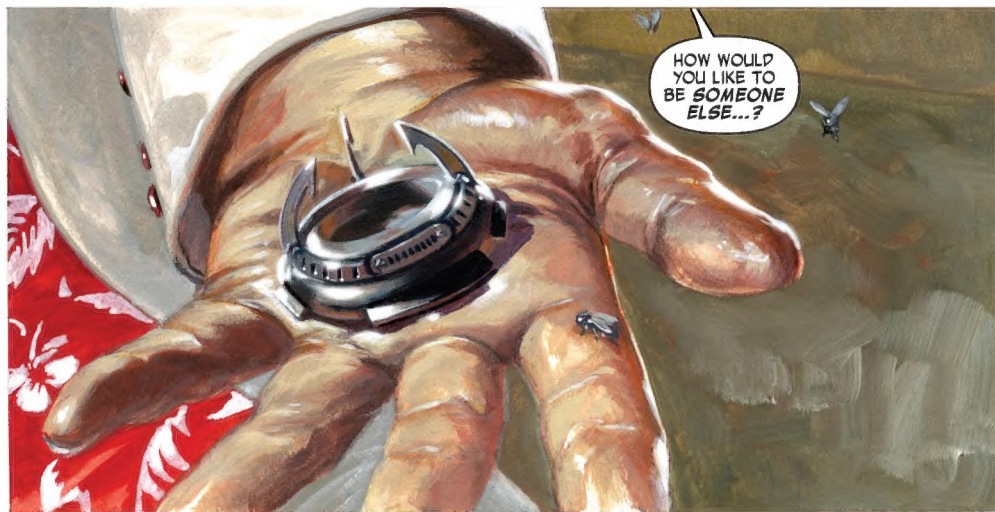


I FEEL
THEIR SUFFERING
PLUS MY OWN! LIKE
HOT COALS ON MY
BRAIN! YOU PUT ME
HERE? YOU PLANNED
THIS?

TUT, TUT.
THAT'S ALL IN
THE PAST,
MR. FLUMM.

I
BROUGHT
YOU A
GIFT.

YOU DON'T
LIKE THE
WRETCH YOU'VE
BECOME?



HOW WOULD
YOU LIKE TO
BE SOMEONE
ELSE...?

New York.
TODAY.

MY NAME IS PETER PARKER, AND I'M THE WORLD'S STUPIDEST GENIUS.

SIR, PLEASE!
IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT, AND I'M IN A RUSH--

YOU COME BACK FI' MINITS! FI'!

THIRD MONTH IN A ROW I BLANKED ON PAYING CON ED DESPITE A POSITIVE CASH FLOW. EVEN WHEN I HAVE MONEY, I'M MORONIC WITH IT.

MY POWER GETS CUT AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT UNLESS THE NEIGHBORHOOD MARKET SENDS MY PAYMENT ELECTRONICALLY... FOR A SLIGHTLY HUGE "CONVENIENCE FEE."

ONCE UPON A TIME, I SWEAR, I COULD READ A CALENDAR. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE A RADIOACTIVE LI'L SPIDER BITE GAVE ME POWERS THAT ARE (AT THIS MOMENT) USELESS.

MOST OF 'EM ARE STRAIGHT-FORWARD. ENHANCED STRENGTH, AGILITY, SPEED...I CAN CLIMB WALLS LIKE AN ARACHNID...

...AND THEN THERE'S SPIDER-SENSE.

THE STRANGEST AND MOST MYSTERIOUS OF THESE ABILITIES.

AN INEXPLICABLE INSTINCT THAT TINGLES WHEN I'M IN DANGER.

FROM WHAT? AN EMPTY, IDLING DELIVERY TRUCK?



OH. HO.

NEW YORK'S NEWEST
CURRENCY: **KRASH**.
AMERICA'S FAVORITE
LAUNDRY DETERGENT.

READ ABOUT THIS IN THE
BUGLE. BECAUSE IT'S SO EASY
TO **STEAL**--NO GROCERY CAN
BE BOTHERED TO KEEP SUCH
A HIGH-DEMAND ITEM UNDER
LOCK AND KEY--

--ILLEGAL WHOLESALERS
BUY IT CHEAP FROM
SHOPLIFTERS, THEN SELL
IT IN BULK TO CORNER
STORES LIKE **THIS ONE**.

NONE OF WHICH
EXPLAINS THE
SPIDER-SENSE
ALERT.

KLAK



AH.

THERE'S
THE DANGER.

UPS, THESE GUYS
AREN'T. AND I SUSPECT
THEY WILL NOT TAKE
KINDLY TO A SNOOP
LIKE **ME** POKING AROUND
THEIR **CARGO**.



THIS IS THE WEIRDEST
STRING OF CAPERS SINCE
THE **VULTURE** GOT
HOOKED ON **LAXATIVES**.

STILL...



...CRIMES IS
CRIMES.









NO JOKES ABOUT
LAUNDERED
CASH, PLEASE.

AND STILL WITH THE
SPIDER-SENSE? THERE'S
FIVE WHOLE MINUTES
BEFORE MIDNIGHT! I CAN
STILL PULL OUT A WIN! I
CAN STILL...

...MAKE
MY...

...PAYMENT...

SORRY,
KID.

THIS IS
A CRIME
SCENE.

BUT--

MOVE
ALONG.

--BUT--

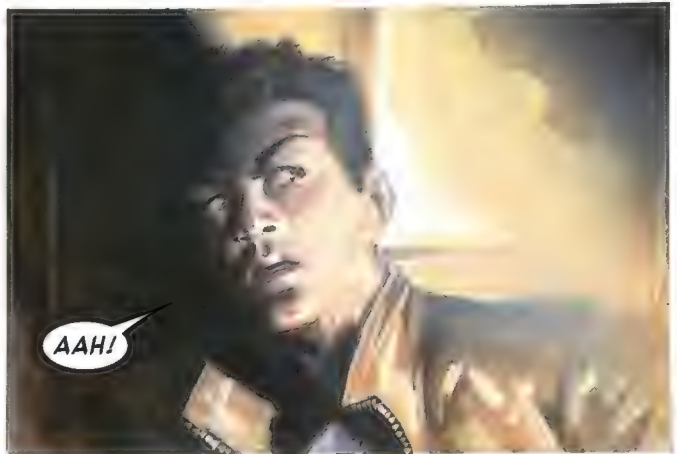
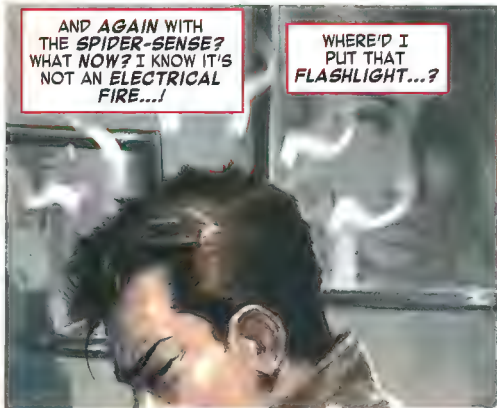
--BUT--

--BUT--

SIGH.

AND AGAIN WITH
THE *SPIDER-SENSE*?
WHAT NOW? I KNOW IT'S
NOT AN *ELECTRICAL*
FIRE...!

WHERE'D I
PUT THAT
FLASHLIGHT...?





ON
THE FLOOR!
NOW!

STUPID FLOODLIGHT!
IF IT WERE STILL DARK,
I'D TAKE THESE GUYS
OUT, BUT IF THEY DON'T
KNOW I'M SPIPEY--

WAIT, OF COURSE THEY
KNOW. RIGHT? WHY ELSE
WOULD ARMED GUNMEN
STORM PETER PARKER'S
APARTMENT?



TARGET IS
SECURED. HE'S
ALONE. NO SIGN
OF SPIDER-MAN.
OR ANY OTHER
LOCAL HERO.

WELL, I GUESS I'M
GONNA FIND OUT.
DON'T HAVE TO TIP
MY SECRET YET.
I CAN ALWAYS CRACK
SKULLS LATER.



THIS
ISN'T ABOUT
THE CABLE
BILL, IS IT?

EVERYONE'S
A CRITIC.

GAG
HIM.



WAIT. IS
THAT A TOW
ROPE?



OKAY--

--MAYBE I
SHOULD START
TAKING THIS A
LITTLE MORE
SERIOUSLY.






THE ROPE
BROKE! HE'S
FALLING--!


WRONG.
I'M FLYING TO
SAFETY.

NO, WAIT.
THAT'S
IRON MAN.



BUT WHAT THE GOON
SQUAD DOESN'T SEEM
TO KNOW IS THAT I'M
STILL WEARING
WEB-SHOOTERS--

--AND IN THIS
DARKNESS, THEY
WON'T SEE ME
FIRE OFF A LINE.



IF I CAN MAKE THE
ALLEYWAY, THEY'LL
JUST THINK I
LUCKED INTO A
PUMPKIN OR--

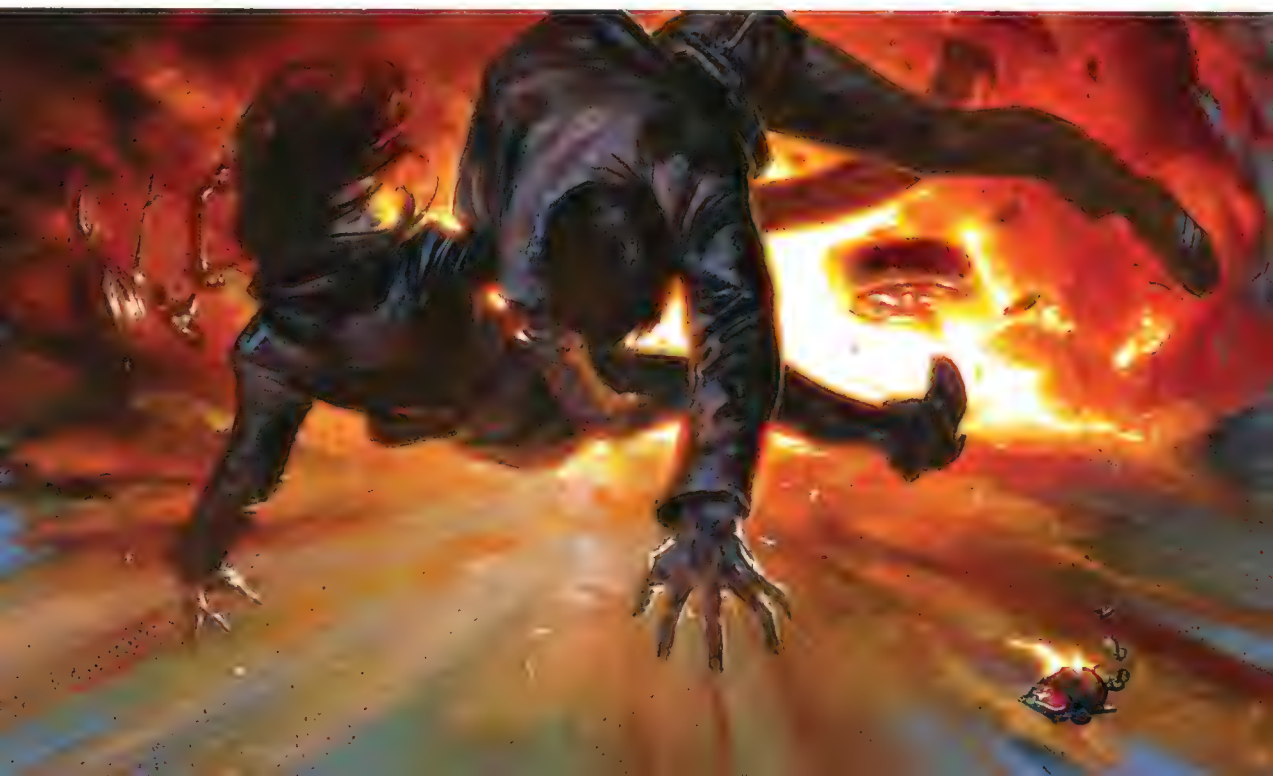
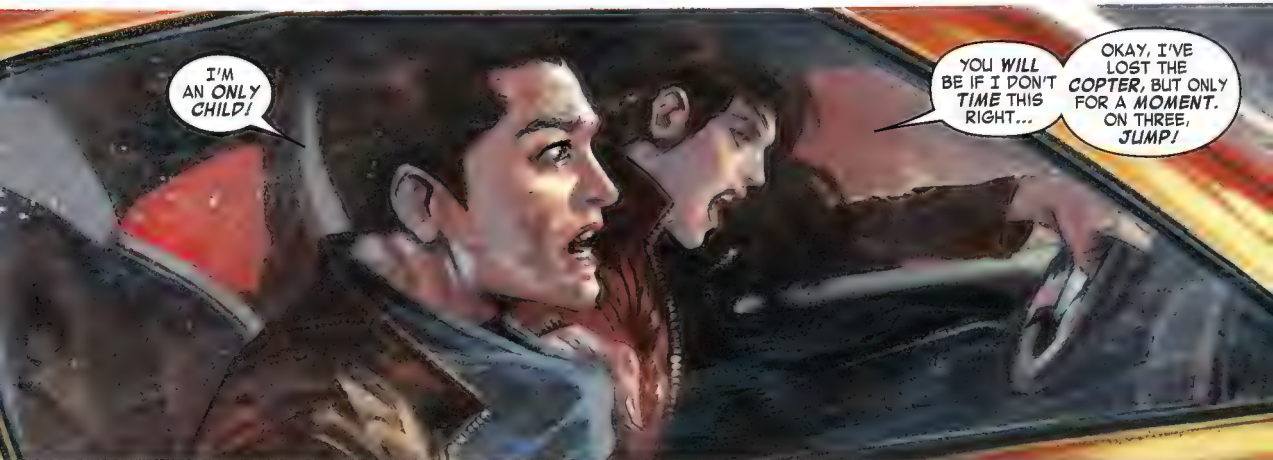


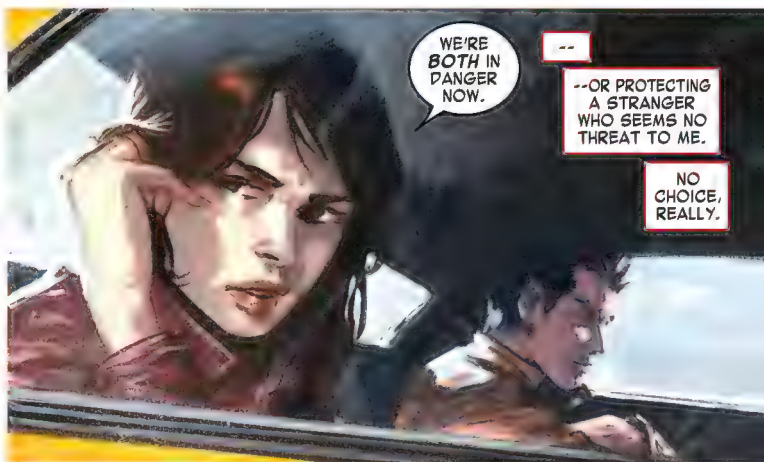
--BOUNCED OFF A
WINDSHIELD--?

HEY!
YOU! LOOK
OUT--!











...
WHAT?
YOU
HAVE DAD'S
EYES.
STOP
WITH THIS! I
DO NOT HAVE
A SISTER!

"MY PARENTS DIED
WHEN I WAS SMALL.
I BARELY REMEMBER
THEM..."



"...BUT THEY LEFT ME
WITH DAD'S BROTHER BEN
AND HIS WIFE, MAY. AND
NO ONE EVER MENTIONED
SIBLINGS. EVER."

"PETER, DID YOU
KNOW RICHARD AND
MARY PARKER WERE
FIELD AGENTS WITH
THE C.I.A.?"



"YES."

"WELL, I
DIDN'T."



NOT UNTIL
LAST WEEK
DID I KNOW THE
NAME "PARKER"
AT ALL.
JUST THAT
I GREW UP
ADOPTED...



...AND
THAT THESE
WERE MY BIRTH
PARENTS.



HER CREDENTIALS
BYPASS THE T.S.A. AND
TAKE US STRAIGHT TO A
PRIVATE JET. SHE PLANS
AHEAD, WHOEVER SHE IS.

I WISH
SHE CALLED
AHEAD.

CHAMPAGNE,
SIR?

I'M...FINE,
THANKS.

I'M JUST
USED TO SITTING
BETWEEN KING
KONG AND A
TEETHING
BABY.

RELAX,
PETER. AND DON'T
MOPE ABOUT YOUR
PLACE. I MADE SOME
CALLS. MY OFFICE HAS
ALREADY DISPATCHED
A REPAIR CREW.

YOU
WON'T HAVE
LOST ANYTHING
IMPORTANT.

THIS IS INSANE. AND I'VE
GONE THROUGH MY FAIR
SHARE OF INSANITY.

THERE IS SIMPLY NO
WAY THIS LADY IS A
BLOOD RELATIVE.

CAN YOU
AT LEAST
EXPLAIN WHO'S
GUNNING
FOR ME?
FOR US?

NOT
COGENTLY, NOT
HAVING BEEN AWAKE
FOR 72 HOURS. GIVE
ME TEN MINUTES.

THERE'S NO...
THERE'S...

I HAVE TO
ADMIT, THERE'S A
RESEMBLANCE.

YOU
LOOK LIKE
HIM. LIKE
RICHARD.

YOU LOOK
LIKE MY
FATHER.

THE ONE WHO
ABANDONED
US TO GO
SPYING...

CAVIAR,
SIR?

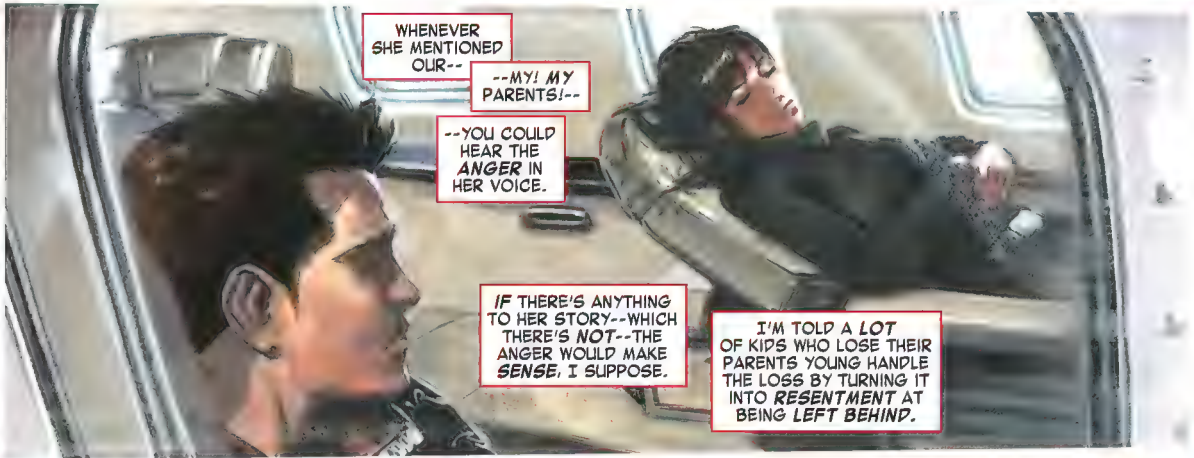
ZZZZZZZ

INSANE.



TERESA REALLY WAS
WRECKED. TEN MINUTES
TURNS INTO SIX HOURS
AS WE APPROACH WHAT
THE ATTENDANT TELLS
ME IS MONTE CARLO.

I DON'T SLEEP,
BECAUSE THERE'S
A NEW QUESTION
RATTLING AROUND
IN MY BRAIN.



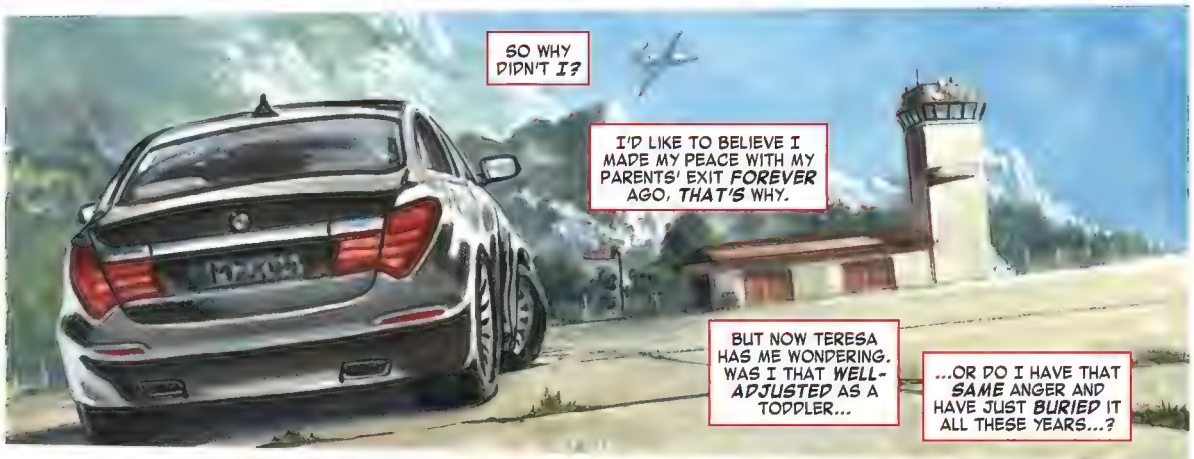
WHENEVER
SHE MENTIONED
OUR--

--MY! MY
PARENTS!--

--YOU COULD
HEAR THE
ANGER IN
HER VOICE.

IF THERE'S ANYTHING
TO HER STORY--WHICH
THERE'S NOT--THE
ANGER WOULD MAKE
SENSE, I SUPPOSE.

I'M TOLD A LOT
OF KIDS WHO LOSE THEIR
PARENTS YOUNG HANDLE
THE LOSS BY TURNING IT
INTO RESENTMENT AT
BEING LEFT BEHIND.



SO WHY
DIDN'T I?

I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE I
MADE MY PEACE WITH MY
PARENTS' EXIT FOREVER
AGO, THAT'S WHY.

BUT NOW TERESA
HAS ME WONDERING.
WAS I THAT WELL-
ADJUSTED AS A
TODDLER...

...OR DO I HAVE THAT
SAME ANGER AND
HAVE JUST BURIED IT
ALL THESE YEARS...?



HOTEL
METROPOLE,
S'IL VOUS
PLAIT.

HOW EXACTLY
DO I FEEL ABOUT
RICHARD AND
MARY PARKER...?



CLOSE
YOUR
MOUTH.

YOU'LL
CATCH
FLIES.



I HOPE
THIS IS ON YOUR
PLATINUM CARD,
BECAUSE MY LIFE
SAVINGS WOULDN'T
PAY FOR TWELVE
SECONDS AT
THIS PLACE.

ALREADY
HANDLED.
ADJOINING
ROOMS.

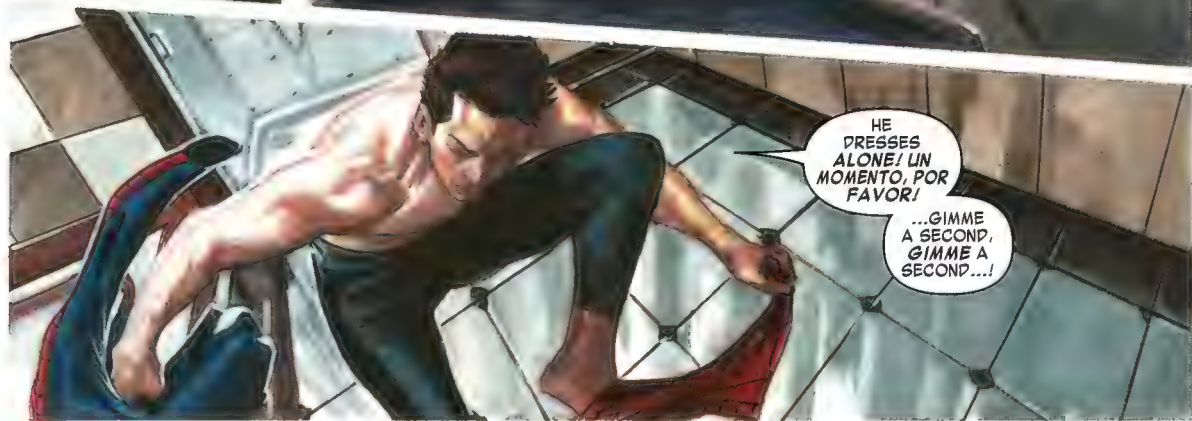
WE HAVE
AN APPOINTMENT
IN AN HOUR. YOU'LL
HAVE EVERYTHING YOU
NEED WAITING FOR
YOU. BE READY.



FOR
WHAT?

YOUR
TUXEDO
FITTING,
MONSIEUR.

DOES THE
GENTLEMAN
DRESS LEFT
OR RIGHT?



HE
PRESSES
ALONE! UN
MOMENTO, POR
FAVOR!

...GIMME
A SECOND,
GIMME A
SECOND...!



DESPITE THE SPECTACULAR SCENERY, I'M STARTING TO TIRE OF PLAYING **ALONG** NOW THAT THE **DANGER** SEEMS TO BE OVER.

I ALMOST TELL THIS WOMAN AS MUCH, BUT WHEN SHE TAKES ME TO THE **MONTÉ CARLO CASINO**, I BECOME AMUSED IMAGINING WHAT HER EXPRESSION'S GOING TO BE...

...WHEN SHE WITNESSES THE FAMED **PARKER LUCK** IN ACTION.

WHO LIVES LIKE THIS?

I TOLD OUR CONTACT NOTHING ABOUT HAVING A **PLUS-ONE** IN TOW. HE MIGHT **OVERLOOK** ME IF HE THINKS WE'RE A **COUPLE**. HERE--

--BUSY YOURSELF, BUT STAY IN SIGHT. AND BLEND IN.

CAN DO.

22. BLACK.

THIS IS **BACCARAT**, SIR.

THEN I RESCIND MY BET.

MR. PARKER? WOULD YOU CARE TO COME WITH US?

I DON'T NEED SPIDER-SENSE TO WARN ME THIS MAN IS NOT THE CONTACT TERESA SPOKE OF.

THE GUN IN MY BACK IS CLUE ENOUGH.

AND UNFORTUNATELY FOR THIS GUY--

--I HAVE FINALLY LOST PATIENCE WITH THE PLAY-ALONG APPROACH.

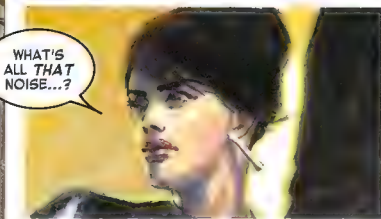
M'SIEUR--!

HE SAID "US," MEANING HE HAS BACKUP--

--SO I NEED A DISTRACTION.



WHAT'S
ALL THAT
NOISE...?

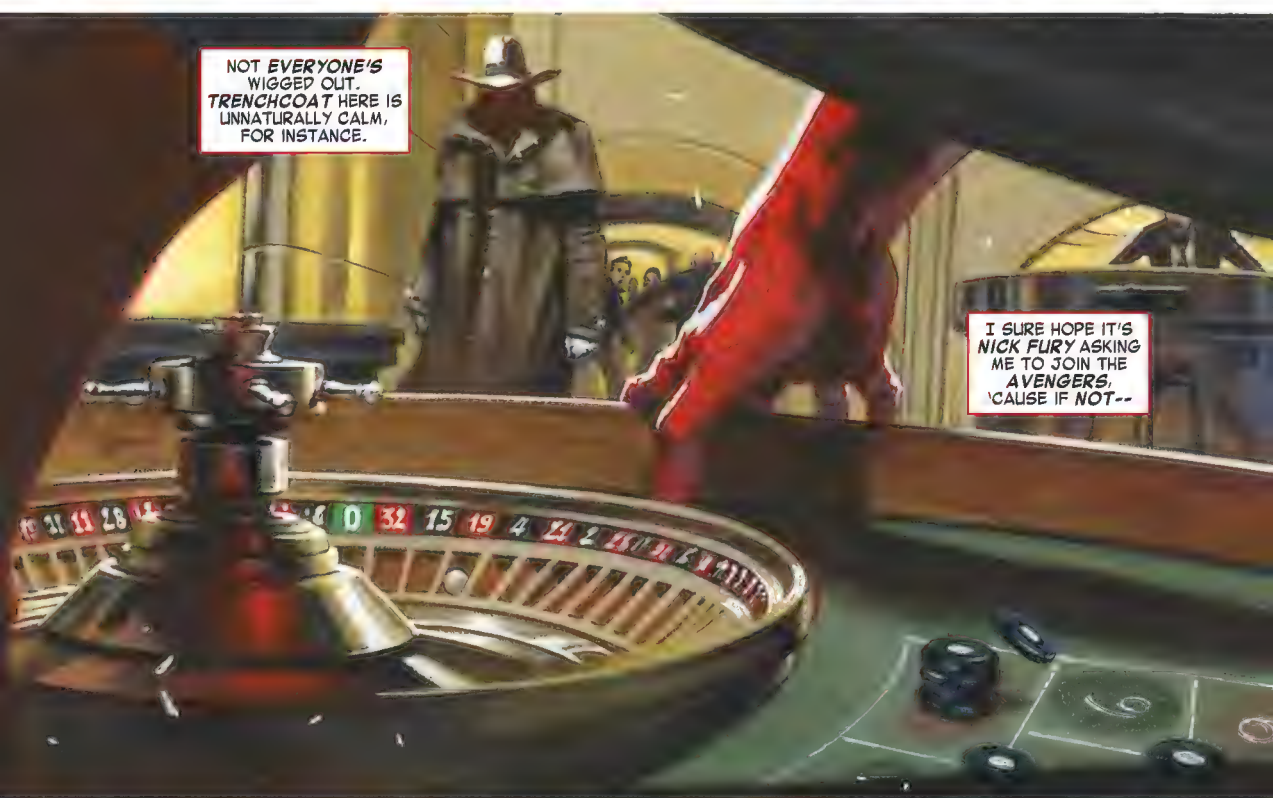
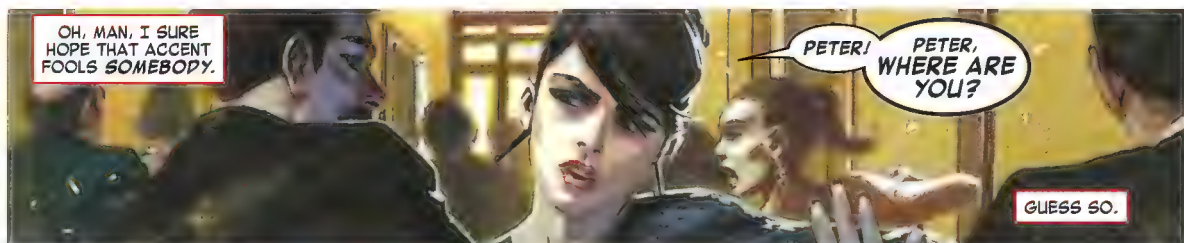


EVERYONE'S
ATTENTION
SOMEPLACE
ELSE.



SPIDER-
MAN?

OH.





--NAMED
CYCLONE!

FORGET THE
GUNMEN.

NOW SOMEONE'S
SENDING
COSTUMES AFTER
THE PARKERS!

HEY,
CYCLONE, WHERE
ARE YOUR
MANNERS?


YOUR FOLKS
NEVER TEACH
YOU NOT TO
BREAK WIND IN A
CROWDED
ROOM?

NO ONE
MENTIONED
SPIDER-
MAN...

STAY OUT
OF THIS,
WALL-CRAWLER...
FOR YOUR
SAKE!

A large, dynamic comic book illustration of Spider-Man in a casino. He is in mid-air, dodging a massive, dark, muscular figure. The background is filled with casino lights, slot machines, and falling debris. Spider-Man's red and blue suit is visible. The overall tone is chaotic and action-packed.

OH, GOD, YOU
SOCIOPATH, NOT
INDOORS...!

A small inset comic panel showing Spider-Man in a dynamic pose, possibly dodging or attacking. He is wearing his red and blue suit. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

WEBBING'S NOT
HEAVY ENOUGH
TO GET THROUGH
TO HIM.

A small inset comic panel showing Spider-Man in a dynamic pose, possibly dodging or attacking. He is wearing his red and blue suit. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

BUT IN A CASINO
WHERE SOFT, SQUISHY
PEOPLE AND BIG, HARD
OBJECTS ARE GETTING
BLOWN AROUND...

A small inset comic panel showing Spider-Man in a dynamic pose, possibly dodging or attacking. He is wearing his red and blue suit. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

...THAT DOESN'T
MEAN IT'S NOT
USEFUL.

THERE. EVERYONE'S
AT LEAST PINNED OUT
OF THE WAY NOW.

THERE! BE
GOOD BOYS AND
GIRLS AND DON'T
UNWRAP 'TIL
CHRISTMAS!

PETER?
PETER, WHERE
ARE YOU?

OH,
GREAT.

SHE'S LIABLE TO
PUT TWO AND TWO
TOGETHER IF I
DON'T HUSTLE.



DON'T GET
Distracted. Focus.
Concentrate on what
your spider-sense is
telling you.

DANGER ALL
AROUND...



...BUT IF I PAY
ATTENTION...


...TO ITS **EBBS**
AND FLOWS...



...IT'LL GUIDE ME
THROUGH THE
SAFEST PATH!

SAME GETUP,
DIFFERENT MAN THAN
THE CYCLONE I FOUGHT
BEFORE. PIERRE
FREESON--FREESON--
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

HE'S NOT A MUTANT.
HE HAS NO **NATURAL**
POWERS. IT'S ALL IN THE
SUIT, AND THAT IT'S BEEN
IMPROVED IS THE KEY
TO HIS DEFEAT.



IMPROVED =
MORE WIND POWER =
MORE COMPLEX
INTERNAL
PROCESSORS...

...WHICH MAKES
THE COOLING
UNIT VITAL.



AND I'M BETTING THAT
THING ON THE BACK OF
HIS NECK IS IT.



HEAT-INDUCED OVERLOAD.

THAT WORKED TOO WELL. HE'S ALIVE...

WHO SENT YOU? GIVE ME A NAME!

...BUT OUT COLD.

SPIPER-MAN! FUNNY HOW YOU'RE SO FAR FROM HOME...

YOU'RE SMART. COVER.

NON, CHERIE, JE SUIS HOMME DE ARACHNE. FRENCH SPIDER-MAN, OUI? WE ARE, HOW YOU SAY, A FRANCHISE...?

INTERNATIONAL! VIVA LE SPIDER-HOOD!

OH, MAN, I HOPE I SOLD THAT.



ONE QUICK
CHANGE AND WE'LL
FIND OUT.

TERESA!
OVER HERE!
YOU OKAY?

SEEMS
WE BOTH ARE.
THANKS TO
SPIDER-MAN.



SPIDER-MAN?
YOU MEAN HE
WAS HERE?

GOLLY.

INDEED.
NOW, FOLLOW
ME TO THE
CAR.

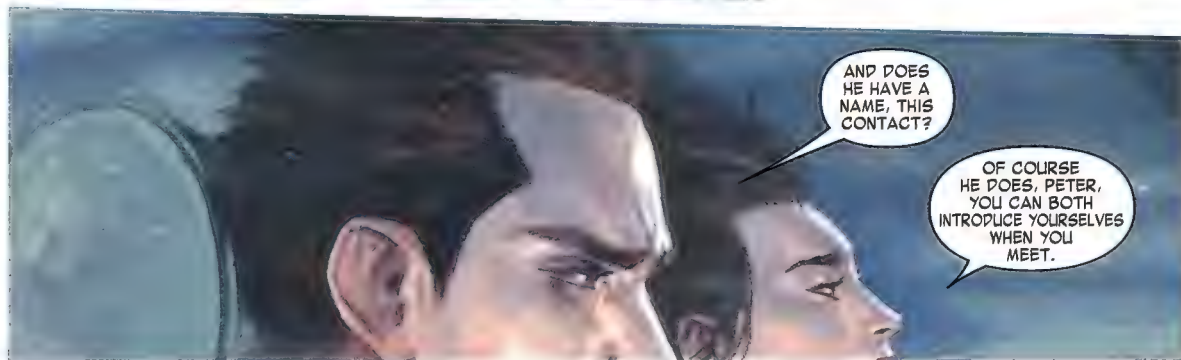


WE'RE NOT HERE TO MEET
A MYSTERIOUS MAN IN A
FEZ OVER DRINKS?

I CAME TO
GET A VERY PRIVATE
ADDRESS FROM A
FRIENDLY COUNTERSPY.
ACCOMPLISHED.
CASH IN...



"...AND
LET'S HIT THE
ROAD."



AND DOES
HE HAVE A
NAME, THIS
CONTACT?

OF COURSE
HE DOES, PETER,
YOU CAN BOTH
INTRODUCE YOURSELVES
WHEN YOU
MEET.



PETER--?

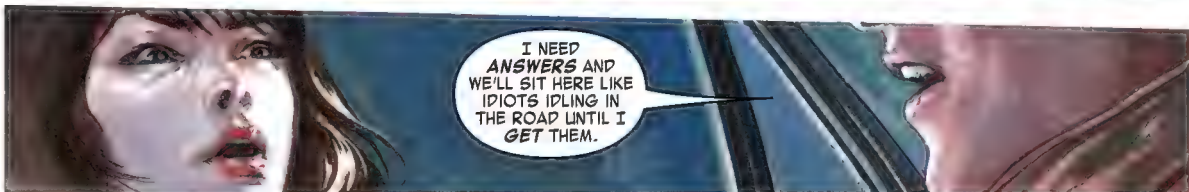


HANDS
OFF THE
WHEEL--!

NO,
TERESA.
NUH-UH.

THIS CLOAK
AND DAGGER, MYSTERY
THING YOU DO--ALL
HALF-ANSWERS AND COY
SMILES--IT WAS CUTE
FOR A WHILE.

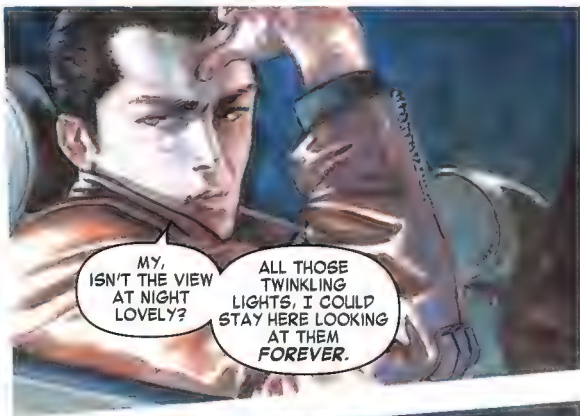
BUT "HEY,
I'M YOUR SISTER,
COME FLY WITH ME
AND BE JASON BOURNE"
ISN'T CUTTING IT
ANYMORE.



I NEED
ANSWERS AND
WE'LL SIT HERE LIKE
IDIOTS IDLING IN
THE ROAD UNTIL I
GET THEM.

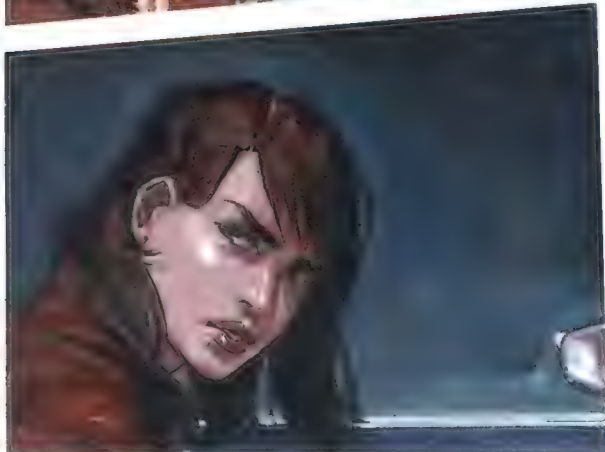


PETER,
FOR GOD'S SAKE,
TAKE YOUR FOOT
OFF THE BRAKE,
WE HAVE TO--



MY,
ISN'T THE VIEW
AT NIGHT
LOVELY?

ALL THOSE
TWINKLING
LIGHTS, I COULD
STAY HERE LOOKING
AT THEM
FOREVER.



FINE.



I'D BEEN LOOKING FOR MY BIRTH PARENTS FOR MOST MY LIFE.

MY BIRTH RECORDS ARE GONE. THEY DO NOT EXIST, APPARENTLY.



EVEN WITH MY JOB--MY CLEARANCE RATING AND THE DOOR TO INFORMATION IT OPENS FOR ME, I COULDN'T FIND EVEN A WHISPER OF A CLUE AS TO WHO I REALLY AM.

MY ONGOING MYSTERY.



"THAT SOLVED ITSELF SUPPENLY LAST WEEK WHEN MY AGENCY GOT WORD OF A **MASSIVE CRIMINAL ENTERPRISE** TAKING SHAPE IN EUROPE AND NORTH AFRICA WITH **YOU--PETER PARKER--**SOMEHOW VITAL TO ALL OF IT GOING DOWN.

"THE SON OF RICHARD PARKER.' THAT'S HOW YOU WERE IDENTIFIED, LIKE THAT ASPECT OF WHO YOU ARE IS IMPORTANT.



"I LOOKED INTO YOUR BACKGROUND TO FIND THAT YOU'RE THE SON OF THE LEGENDARY PARKERS--HUSBAND AND WIFE SECRET AGENT SUPERSTARS--SO I DUG INTO THEIR FILE TO SEE IF IT CAN TELL ME WHY YOU'RE SO **SPECIAL** ALL OF A SUDDEN.

"AND GUESS WHAT I FOUND."



CONCLUSIVE RECORDS OF MY BIRTH, MY PARENTS, AND HOW I WAS ORPHANED TO FOSTER CARE SHORTLY AFTER MY BIRTH.



HOLD ON, THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. WHY WERE YOU GIVEN UP LIKE THAT? I GREW UP WITH MY--WITH OUR AUNT AND UNCLE. WHY SEPARATE US?



MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT.

IF YOU TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF THE BRAKE.



WELCOME,
MY CHILDREN.
WELCOME.



I AM CHIGARU--
EMILE CHIGARU
IN FULL, AND FOR MANY
YEARS I WAS YOUR PARENTS'
MISSION CONTROLLER. IT'S
AN HONOR TO MEET
YOU BOTH, OF
COURSE.

AND WE,
YOU, SIR.
ABSOLUTELY. WE
NEED TO TALK
TO YOU
ABOUT--



WHY PETER
HERE IS A HUNTED MAN?
WHAT ASPECT OF THE PAST--
THAT BEING HIS CONNECTION
TO HIS DEAD FATHER--IS SO
IMPORTANT IN THE HERE
AND NOW?

AND I
IMAGINE YOU WOULDN'T
MIND KNOWING WHO IS
ULTIMATELY BEHIND ALL
THIS TOO.



WELL--
ER--
YES.



HERE,
HAVE SOME
TEA.



SINCE YOU CONTACTED ME--SINCE I WAS ALERTED TO YOUR SITUATION--I HAVE MADE SOME ENQUIRIES AND GLEANED SOME FACTS.

I CAN'T TELL YOU EVERYTHING, BUT I CAN PERHAPS SET YOU ON THE PATH TO ENLIGHTENMENT.



IT BEGINS WITH YOUR PARENTS, MY FRIENDS RICHARD AND MARY.

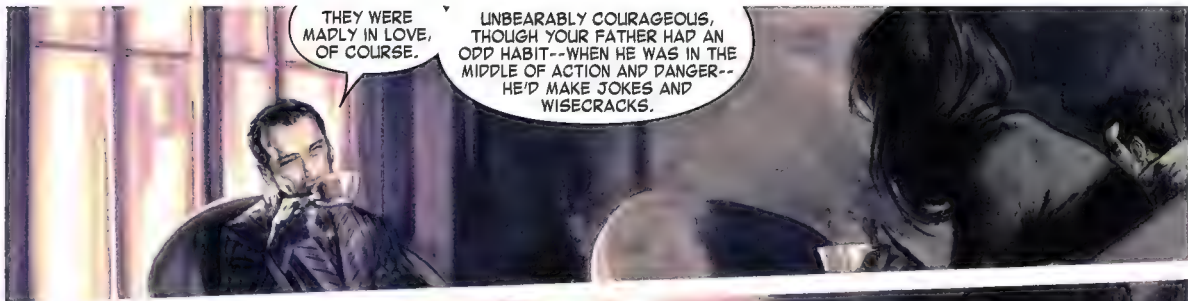
WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE WERE THEY? I KNOW SO LITTLE.

AND I KNOW EVEN LESS.

THEY WERE GOOD AGENTS APART AND GREAT AGENTS TOGETHER. IN FACT...



"...DO YOU KNOW THEY SAVED THE WORLD ON TWO OR THREE SEPARATE OCCASIONS?"



THEY WERE
MADLY IN LOVE,
OF COURSE.

UNBEARABLY COURAGEOUS,
THOUGH YOUR FATHER HAD AN
ODD HABIT--WHEN HE WAS IN THE
MIDDLE OF ACTION AND DANGER--
HE'D MAKE JOKES AND
WISECRACKS.



CAN YOU
IMAGINE?



THEY WERE
WONDERFUL
PEOPLE, AND I
MISS THEM
EVERY DAY.

"AT ANY RATE, REGARDING THE
EVENTS OF NOW...IN THE COURSE
OF SAVING THE WORLD ON ONE OF
THESE OCCASIONS, THIS TIME
INVOLVING ZEMO OR STRUCKER--
ONE OF THOSE MADMEN FOREVER
TRYING TO SEIZE THE WORLD--

"--YOUR PARENTS DEFEATED A
FASCIST HORDE DETERMINED TO GET
NAZI GOLD...JUST SHY OF A BILLION
DOLLARS...GUARDED BY A SLEEPER
BURIED UNDERGROUND IN THE SANDS
OUTSIDE OF CAIRO."



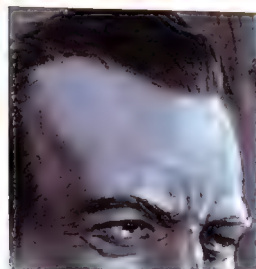


A
"SLEEPER"?

THE
SLEEPERS
WERE...
WELL...

"...ROBOTS, BASICALLY. A
PROBLEM FOR CAPTAIN
AMERICA. USUALLY,
MECHANICAL HORRORS
SOMEWHAT AKIN TO
MODERN-DAY SENTINELS
BUT WITH VASTLY SIMPLISTIC
AND MORE DESTRUCTIVE
PROGRAMMING."

"DESTROY THIS OR THAT.
OR IN THIS CASE, PROTECT
THE GOLD AND DESTROY ALL
AND EVERYTHING AROUND IT
SHOULD ANYONE ATTEMPT
TO TAKE IT."



WHICH IS
TANGENTIALLY WHERE
THIS PERTAINS TO
YOU, PETER.

IN SEALING
THE SLEEPER SO IT COULDN'T
ARISE AND HURT ANYONE, YOUR
FATHER DID IT IN SUCH A WAY THAT
ONLY HIS DNA COULD OPEN THE
"TOMB" IF IT WAS UNCOVERED
IN THE FUTURE--

WE PLACED
A BIOMETRIC LOCK--
QUITE ADVANCED IN THE
DAY--TO KEEP THE
SLEEPER QUIET.

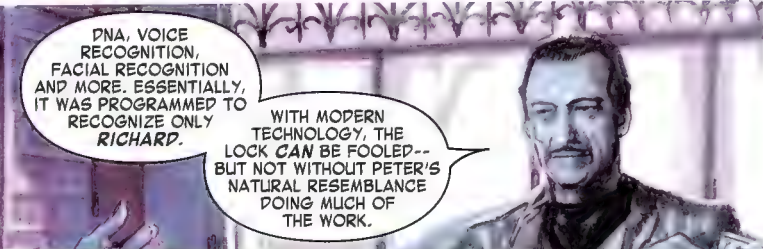
AND THAT...IS
WHY PETER HERE IS SO
IMPORTANT. ONLY PETER CAN
UNLOCK IT WITHOUT TRIGGERING
A FIVE-MEGATON BOOBY
TRAP.



WITH DNA?
WHY DIDN'T THEY
JUST TAKE IT FROM
OUR TOOTH-
BRUSHES--?

DNA, VOICE
RECOGNITION,
FACIAL RECOGNITION
AND MORE. ESSENTIALLY,
IT WAS PROGRAMMED TO
RECOGNIZE ONLY
RICHARD.

WITH MODERN
TECHNOLOGY, THE
LOCK CAN BE FOOLED--
BUT NOT WITHOUT PETER'S
NATURAL RESEMBLANCE
DOING MUCH OF
THE WORK.



CAIRO,
HUH?

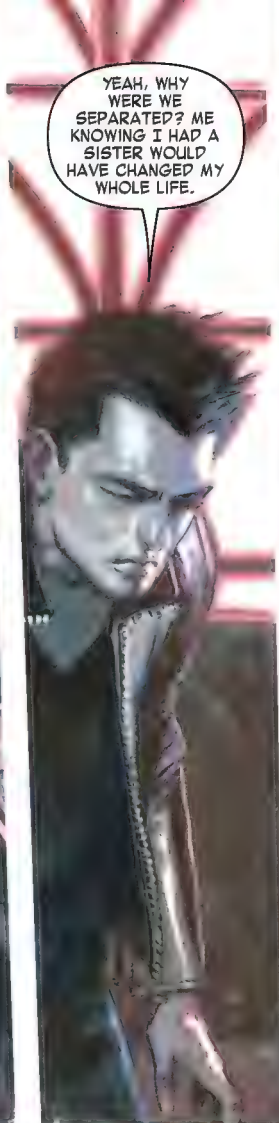
SANDS
OUTSIDE
OF.



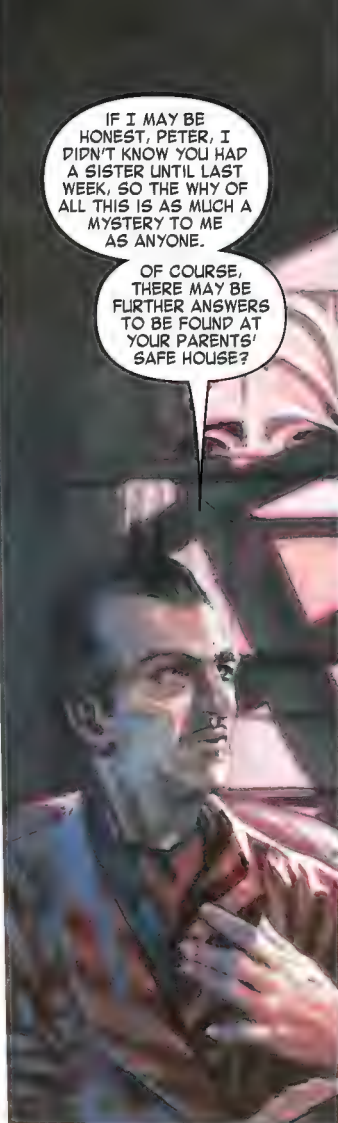


THAT'S ALL I'VE UNCOVERED--I'LL KEEP DIGGING TO FIND WHOEVER'S BEHIND ALL THIS. BUT IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE YOURSELVES--

NO, HOLD ON, THAT MAY BE ALL THERE IS TO THIS, BUT YOU STILL KNEW OUR PARENTS. WE HAVE A LOT OF QUESTIONS--ME-- WHY WAS I PUT UP FOR ADOPTION?

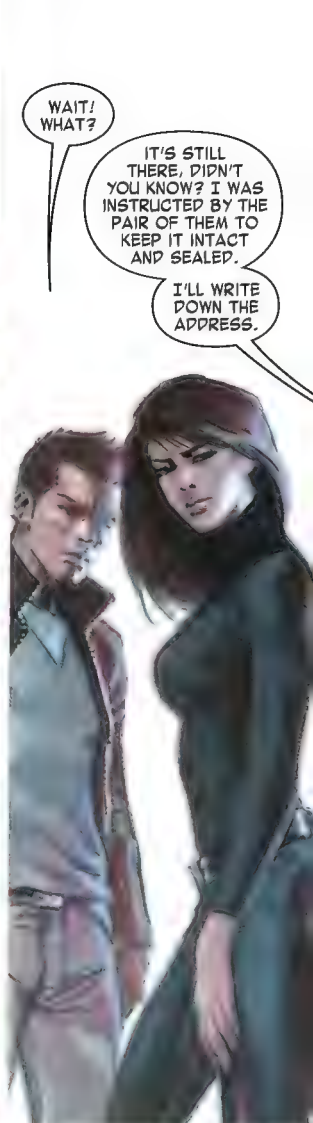


YEAH, WHY WERE WE SEPARATED? ME KNOWING I HAD A SISTER WOULD HAVE CHANGED MY WHOLE LIFE.



IF I MAY BE HONEST, PETER, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A SISTER UNTIL LAST WEEK. SO THE WHY OF ALL THIS IS AS MUCH A MYSTERY TO ME AS ANYONE.

OF COURSE, THERE MAY BE FURTHER ANSWERS TO BE FOUND AT YOUR PARENTS' SAFE HOUSE?



WAIT! WHAT?

IT'S STILL THERE, DIDN'T YOU KNOW? I WAS INSTRUCTED BY THE PAIR OF THEM TO KEEP IT INTACT AND SEALED.

I'LL WRITE DOWN THE ADDRESS.



HMM.

Cairo.

CAN
I GO
NOW?

MR.
FISK?

MR. FISK,
I'VE DONE ALL
YOU ASKED OF ME,
AND MY HEAD WON'T
STOP HURTING, SO
I REPEAT...

...MAY
I PLEASE
GO?

I HAVE
ALWAYS PRIDED
MYSELF ON NEVER
PUNISHING A WELL-
THOUGHT OUT,
HONEST QUESTION.
MR. FRUMM.

THAT IS
NOT ONE.

BE
THANKFUL I
STILL NEED YOUR
HEAD ATTACHED
TO YOUR
SPINE.



SO
THAT'S A
NO?



FOR A MAN
WHO CALLS HIMSELF
"MENTALLO," IMPLYING
SOME DEGREE OF
INTELLIGENCE, YOU'RE
ASTOUNDING.

TERESA.
REMEMBER?
TERESA.



AND HERE
YOU ARE, SIPPING A COLD
BEVERAGE ON A BALMY DAY.
LATER, YOU'LL BE WINED, PINED
AND PLEASURED. AT NO TIME
WOULD I HAVE TAKEN YOU FOR
A MAN WHO DISPAINED
GIFT HORSES.

THE DRAMA
UNFOLDS STILL,
BUT IT HAS YET
TO REACH ITS
FINAL ACT.

AND UNTIL
THEN, YOU'RE
NOT GOING
ANYWHERE.



KNOCKKNOCK

MR.
FISK?

YES?

YOU WISHED
TO BE ALERTED.
THE PARKERS--
THEY'RE ON THE
MOVE AGAIN.



YOU HEAR
THAT, FRUMM?
YOU'RE STILL
ON PECK.

Switzerland.

YOU GOT
THE ACCESS
KEY? YEAH?
THE CARD?

THIS? NO,
I LEFT IT AT
THE SKI LODGE.
WHAT DO YOU
THINK?

THEN BE
QUICK. ON MY
MARK--OPEN THE
DOOR, WE GET INSIDE,
THEN CLOSE IT UP
TIGHT AGAIN
SPEEDY QUICK.

SEE, I
WAS THINKING
WE'D WANT TO AIR
THE JOINT OUT.
WHAT'S WITH THE
SPEED?

THE
OLFACTORY,
PETER. IT'S THE
SENSE MOST
TIED TO
MEMORY.

THIS DOOR
HASN'T BEEN
OPENED IN YEARS.
YES, IT'S PROBABLY
MUSTY IN
THERE...

...BUT
ISN'T THAT
A GOOD
THING?

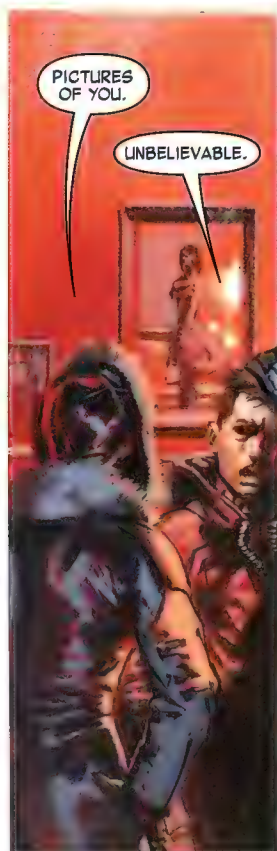
I'LL BE
FAST.

WOW.



THE
PARKER
ENCLAVE.

LOOK, THERE
ARE BOOKS--
DIARIES. ALBUMS
FROM WHEN THEY
WERE YOUNG.



PICTURES
OF YOU.

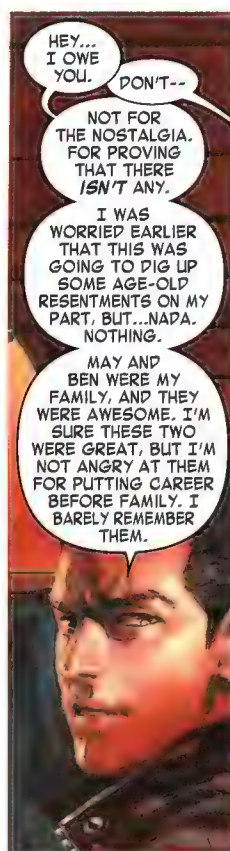
UNBELIEVABLE.



NONE
OF YOU,
THOUGH.

OH,
I HADN'T
EXPECTED.

BUT SHE'D
HOPE'D. I KIND
OF HAD, TOO.



HEY...
I OWE
YOU.

DON'T--

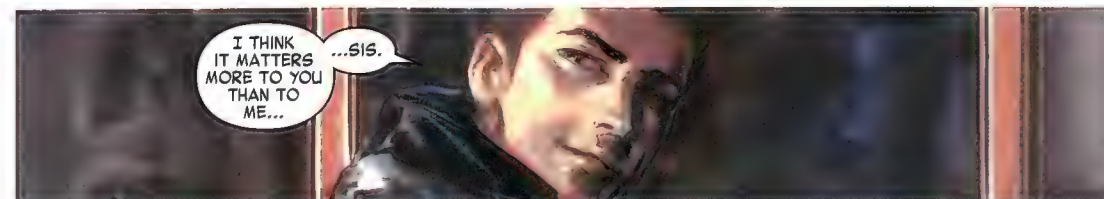
NOT FOR
THE NOSTALGIA.
FOR PROVING
THAT THERE
ISN'T ANY.

I WAS
WORRIED EARLIER
THAT THIS WAS
GOING TO DIG UP
SOME AGE-OLD
RESENTMENTS ON MY
PART, BUT...NADA.
NOTHING.

MAY AND
BEN WERE MY
FAMILY, AND THEY
WERE AWESOME. I'M
SURE THESE TWO
WERE GREAT, BUT I'M
NOT ANGRY AT THEM
FOR PUTTING CAREER
BEFORE FAMILY. I
BARELY REMEMBER
THEM.

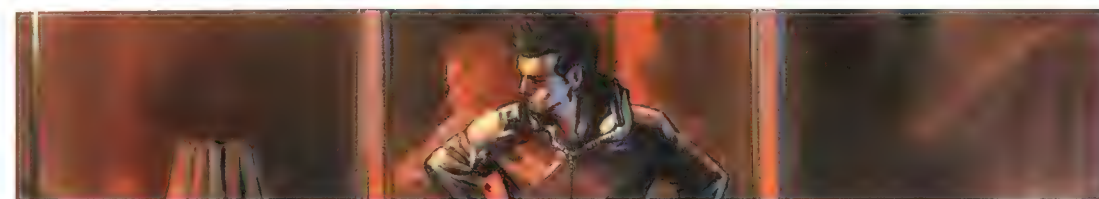
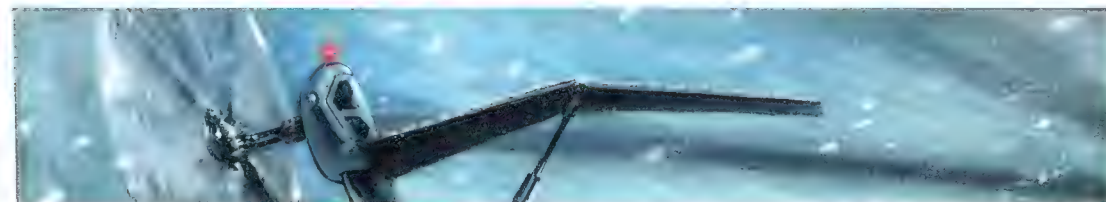


THERE'S
PERFUME
LINGERING. YOU
THINK IT WAS
MOM'S?



I THINK
IT MATTERS
MORE TO YOU
THAN TO
ME...

...SIS.



HEY...





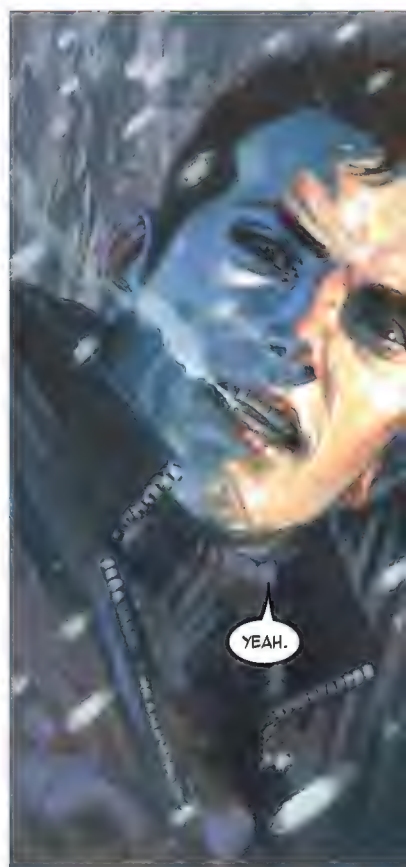




PETER.



YOU...



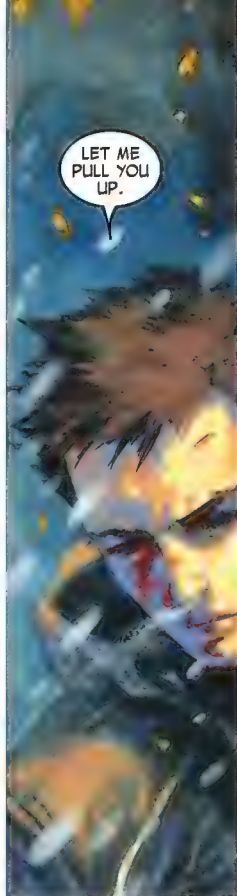
YEAH.



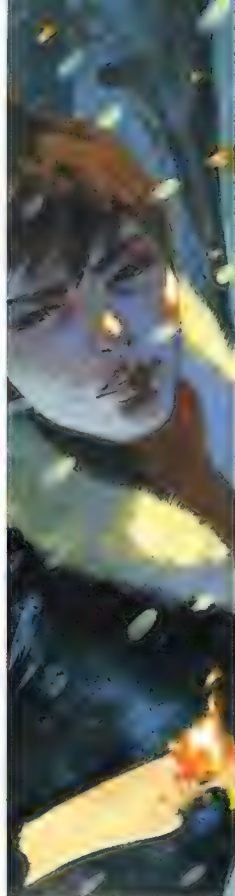


I KNEW IT.

DON'T BE A **SHOW-OFF**.
RIGHT NOW, LET'S
CONCENTRATE
ON STAYING
ALIVE.



LET ME
PULL YOU
UP.



TERESA,
**BOTH
HANDS--!**

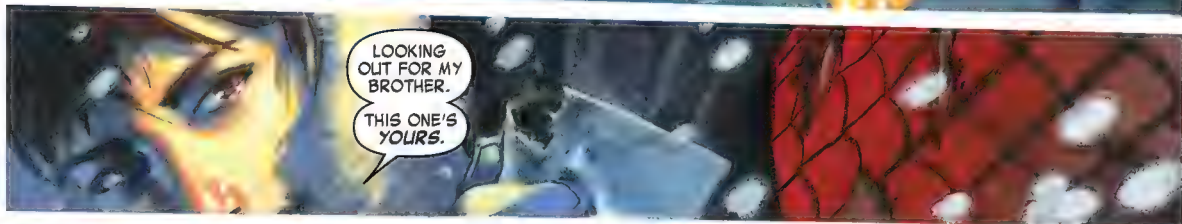
JUST A
SECOND--!



WHEW.
CAUGHT
IT.



TERESA!
I ALMOST
DROPPED YOU,
WHAT THE HELL
ARE YOU
DOING?



LOOKING
OUT FOR MY
BROTHER.

THIS ONE'S
YOURS.



ALSO?
YOU DON'T
SPEAK ONE WORD
OF FRENCH,
DO YOU...?



SO THE FLIGHT TO EGYPT IS ANYTHING BUT BORING. TERESA HAS A MILLION QUESTIONS.

BUT ALSO A CHANGE OF CLOTHES.



THANK YOU FOR LOSING THE COSTUME.

WHAT WAS LEFT OF IT SMELLED LIKE A BARBECUE GONE HORRIBLY WRONG.



NOT MUCH POINT IN HANGING ON, BUT THAT LEAVES SPIDEY OUT OF THE REST OF THIS MISSION.



NOT NECESSARILY.

I HAD MY PEOPLE WHIP UP A LITTLE SOMETHING. THEY DIDN'T ASK WHY OR FOR WHO AND I DIDN'T SAY.



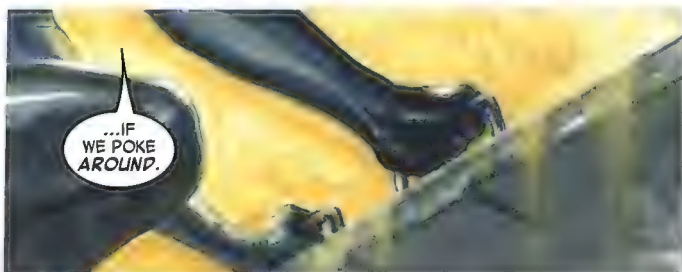
WE HAD TO MAKE DO WITH MATERIALS AT HAND, AND I GUESSED AT THE SIZE, BUT...



...YOU'RE BACK IN BLACK.

COOL.







...BECAUSE
THIS MUST BE
THE PLACE.

YOU KNOW
THE NAZIS AND
THEIR **PRIORITIES**:
(1) INVASION, (2) GENOCIDE,
AND (3) **THEATRICAL**
EFFECT.



YOUR SUIT'S
INTERWOVEN WITH THE
ELECTRONICS THAT'LL DO
HALF THE WORK OF BLUFFING
THE SENSORS ENOUGH
FOR YOU TO FAKE
BEING DAD.

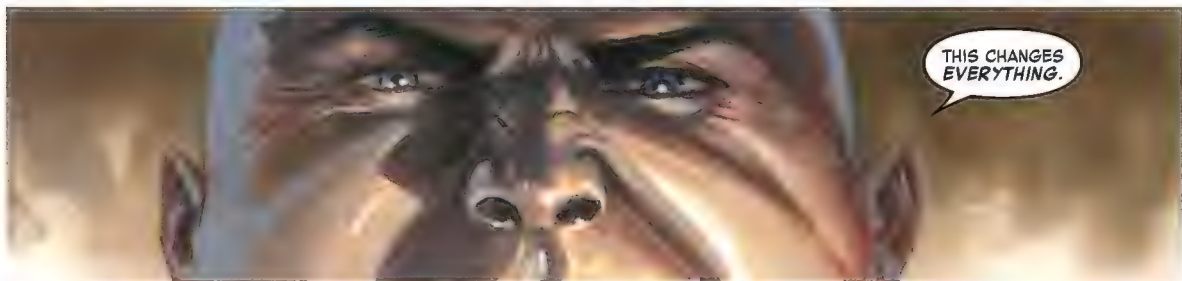
THE REST
IS UP TO
PETER PARKER.
A.K.A....

SPIDER-MAN?

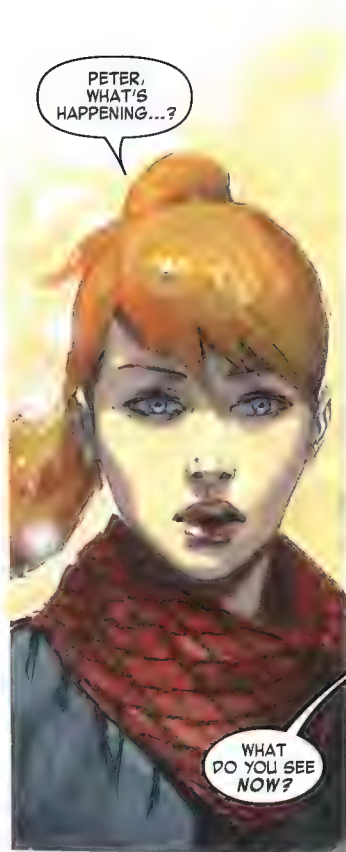


THAT
VOICE.

OH, GOD,
I KNOW THAT
VOICE--!









FROM A DISTANCE, MR. FRUMM HERE HAS BEEN POPPING IN AND OUT OF MS. DURAND'S HEAD FOR DAYS NOW, LENDING HER A LOW LEVEL OF TELEPATHY HERSELF.

THE CONVINCING INTIMACIES SHE KNOWS OF THE PARKERS... THE COLOR OF YOUR FATHER'S EYES, THE CURVE OF YOUR MOTHER'S SMILE... SHE'S BEEN PULLING FROM YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS...



...AND YOU BOTH SEE WHAT WE WISH YOU TO SEE.



P-Please, Mr. Fisk... let me guh-go...

SO FAR, THE TWO OF YOU HAVE PLAYED ALONG PERFECTLY.

BECAUSE YOU WERE BEING "CHASED" BY AN ASSORTMENT OF AGENTS ALL ON MY PAYROLL, YOU WASTED NO TIME LEADING ME HERE, FOR WHICH I THANK YOU.

I NEVER WOULD HAVE ADMITTED THE CHARADE TO PETER PARKER. WERE HE TO LEARN TERESA'S SECRET TOO SOON, THERE WAS NO GUARANTEE SHE'D BE AN EFFECTIVE HOSTAGE.



BUT SPIDER-MAN WON'T LET ANYONE DIE. SO, I REPEAT...

KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK



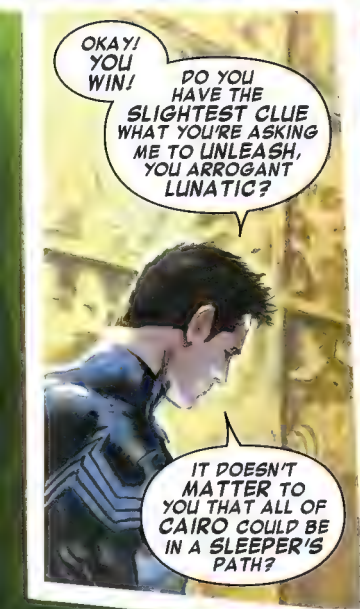
...OPEN THE VAULT.



I CAN TAKE
YOU DOWN
BEFORE THEY CAN
PULL A SINGLE
TRIGGER.

BUT CAN
SHE?

SHALL
WE FIND
OUT?



OKAY!
YOU
WIN!

DO YOU
HAVE THE
SLIGHTEST CLUE
WHAT YOU'RE ASKING
ME TO UNLEASH,
YOU ARROGANT
LUNATIC?

IT DOESN'T
MATTER TO
YOU THAT ALL OF
CAIRO COULD BE
IN A SLEEPER'S
PATH?



OF
COURSE
CAIRO
MATTERS.

I'M COUNTING
ON THEM TO DEAL
WITH THE SLEEPER
WHILE I TAKE
THE GOLD.



PETER.
DON'T.

YOU KNOW
WHAT MUST
BE NICE?

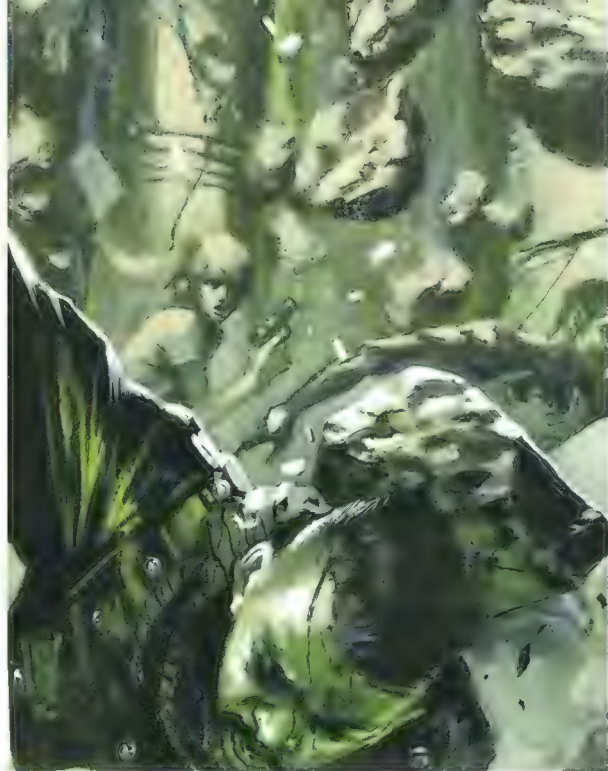


HAVING A
CHOICE
SOMETIMES.

IDENTITY
CONFIRMED.








A man in a black and white suit is flying through the air, looking down with a determined expression. The background is a hazy, greenish landscape.

TERESA!

I'VE LOST
HER--BUT
HOPEFULLY THAT
MEANS FATSO
HAS, TOO.

A close-up of a person's face, wearing a black and white suit. The person is looking down, and their hands are visible near their face.

SO I TAKE
THE *CRAZY*
OPTION.
AGAIN:

A close-up of a hand in a black and white suit, with the index finger pointing upwards. The background is a hazy, greenish landscape.

WHAT
CHOICE DO
I HAVE?



"DEAR AUNT
MAY, WISH YOU
WERE HERE. THE
WEATHER IN EGYPT
IS LOVELY.



"AND THE
VIEW...!"



NICE
DANCING--

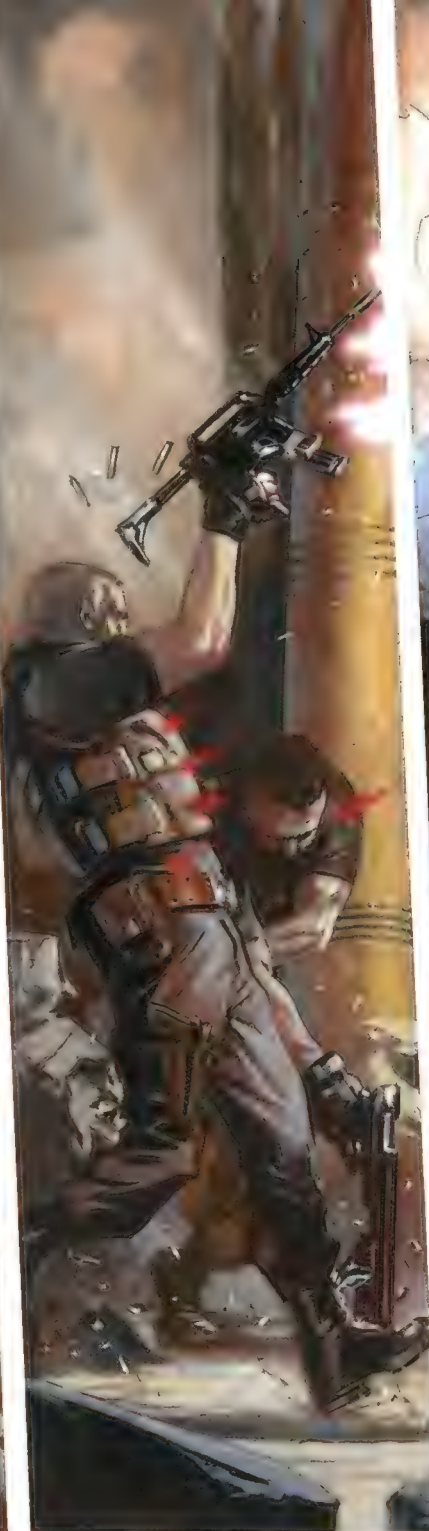
--BUT
ACROBATICS
ALONE WON'T
STOP THIS
THING.

I'M IN
TROUBLE.

BIG
TROUBLE.

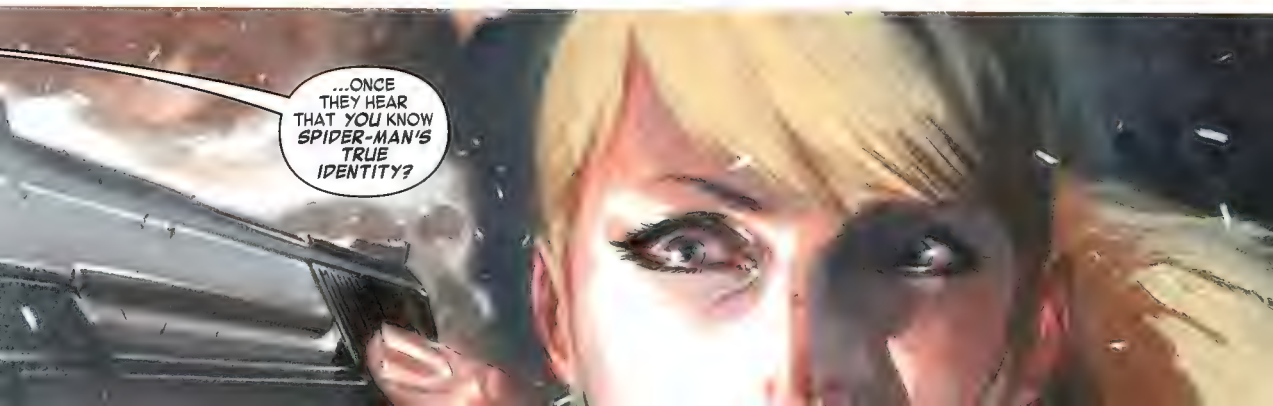


YOU'RE NOT WALKING AWAY FROM THIS, FISK!



WHY FIGHT, MY DEAR? YOU NEED ME!

WHO ELSE BUT ME CAN PROTECT YOU FROM BEING HUNTED, CAPTURED AND TORTURED BY EVERY CRIMINAL ON EARTH...

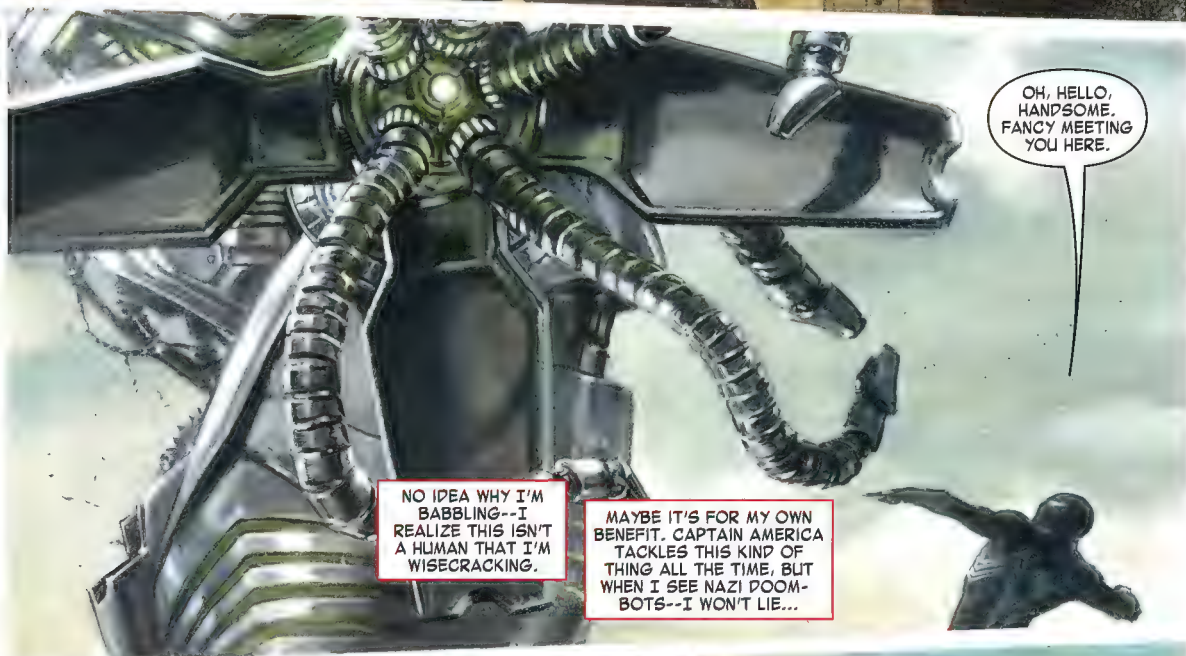


...ONCE THEY HEAR THAT YOU KNOW SPIDER-MAN'S TRUE IDENTITY?



WEB FLUID'S
RUNNING LOW
ALREADY.

GOT TO FIND
THE NAVIGATION
CONTROLS, OR--



OH, HELLO,
HANDSOME.
FANCY MEETING
YOU HERE.

NO IDEA WHY I'M
BABBLING--I
REALIZE THIS ISN'T
A HUMAN THAT I'M
WISECRACKING.

MAYBE IT'S FOR MY OWN
BENEFIT. CAPTAIN AMERICA
TACKLES THIS KIND OF
THING ALL THE TIME, BUT
WHEN I SEE NAZI DOOM-
BOTS--I WON'T LIE...



...I FEEL WAY
OUT OF MY
ELEMENT.

OH. OH. AND
THIS CAN'T
BE GOOD.

UHHH...
HI! DO YOU
KNOW MY
TOASTER?

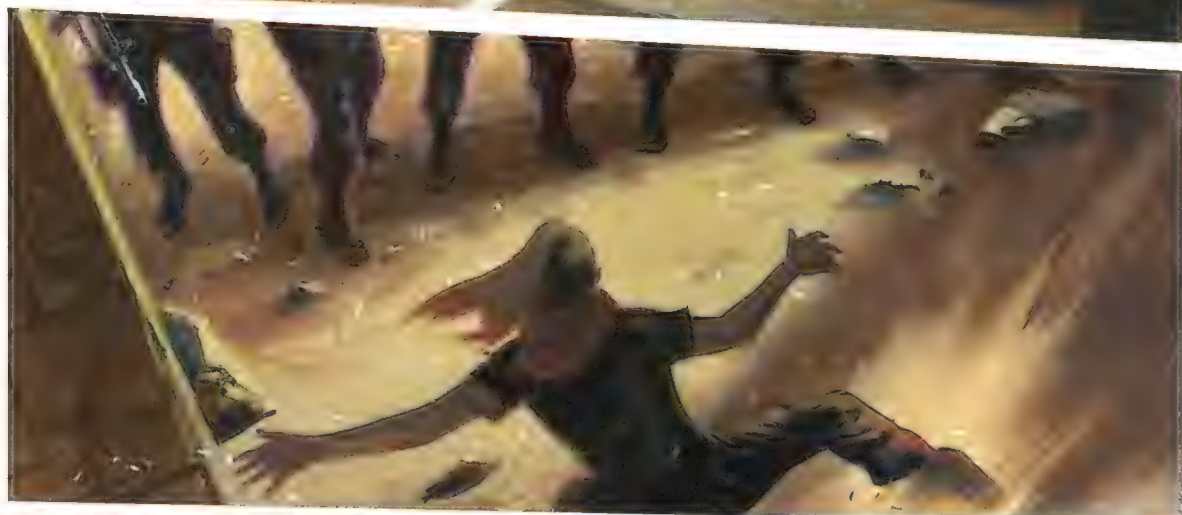
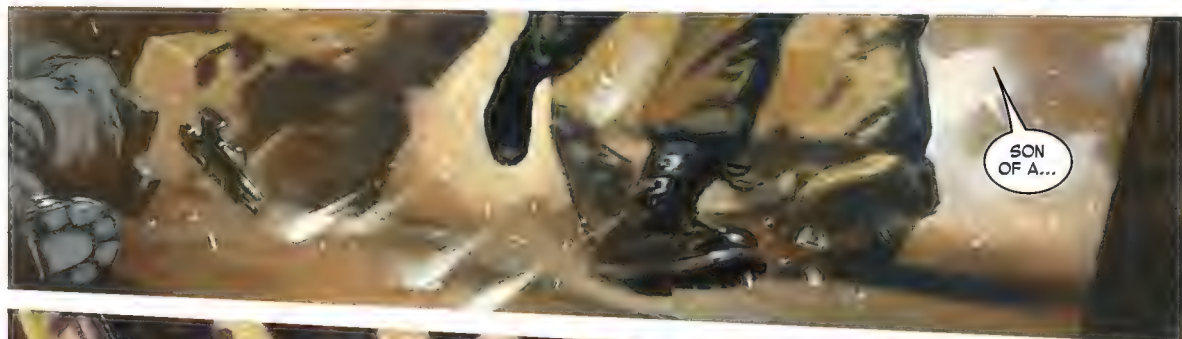


SWELL.
HALF *DOC OCK*,
HALF *SCORPION*,
HALF *SPIDER-
SLAYER*.

I HATE
MATH!



WHAT
NOW?



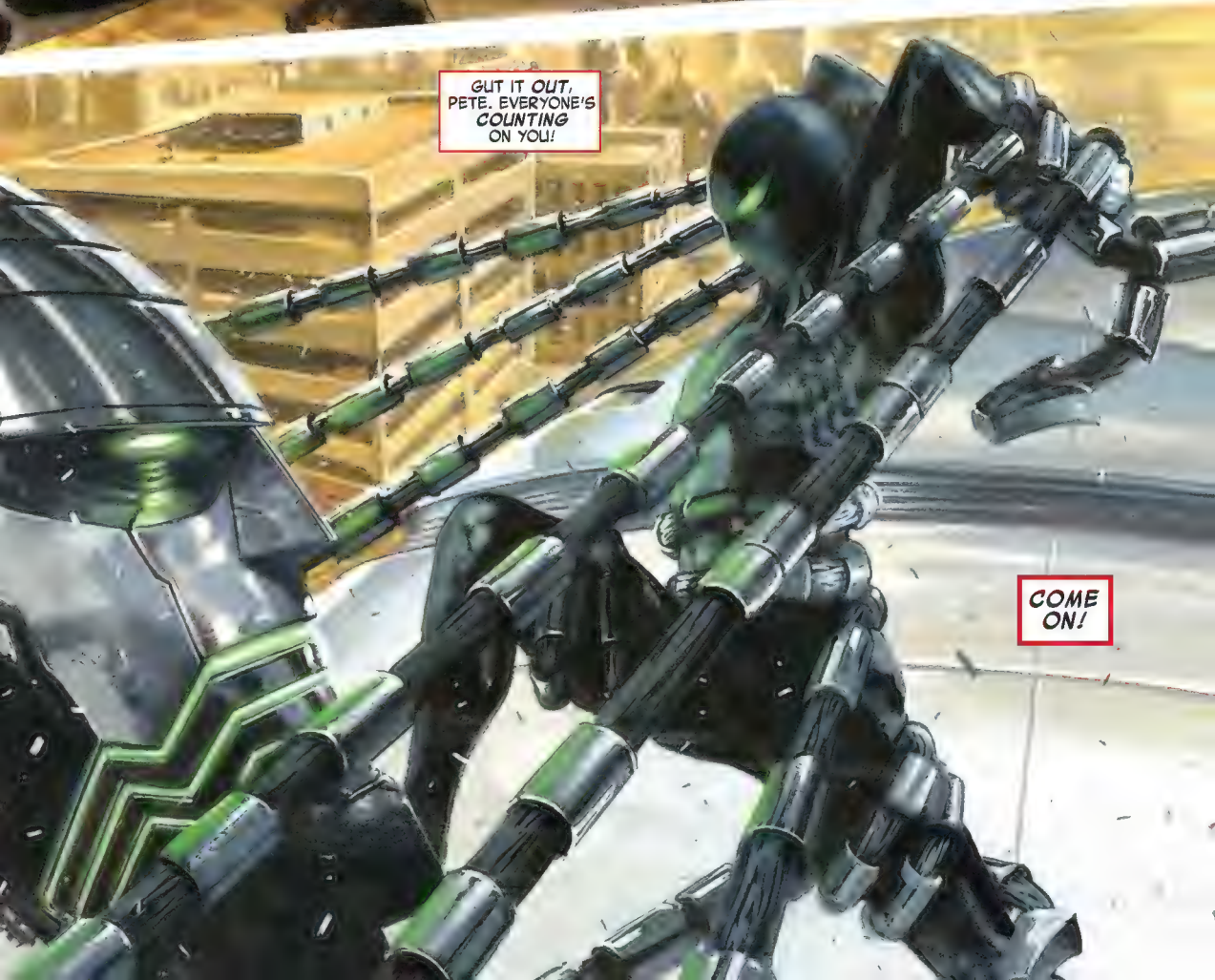


GET
OUT
OF
MY



HEAD!

KRAK



GUT IT OUT,
PETE. EVERYONE'S
COUNTING
ON YOU!

COME
ON!

GNAAAHHH!





CAIRO'S
ABOUT TO BE
HISTORY.

HAVE TO FLIP
THIS MONKEY
AROUND.



RETRO
ENGINES!



I'M NO *PILOT*,
BUT I'VE LEARNED
A THING OR TWO
ABOUT *ROCKETRY*
OVER THE YEARS.



GOTTA
WEB UP THE
RETROS--

--CAUSE IF I
DO, THIS THING
WILL START TO...






YES! IT'S BANKING
AWAY AS IT
RECALIBRATES ITS
TRAJECTORY!

MAN,
STOP GIVING
ME THE *GIANT*
ROBOT
EYE!



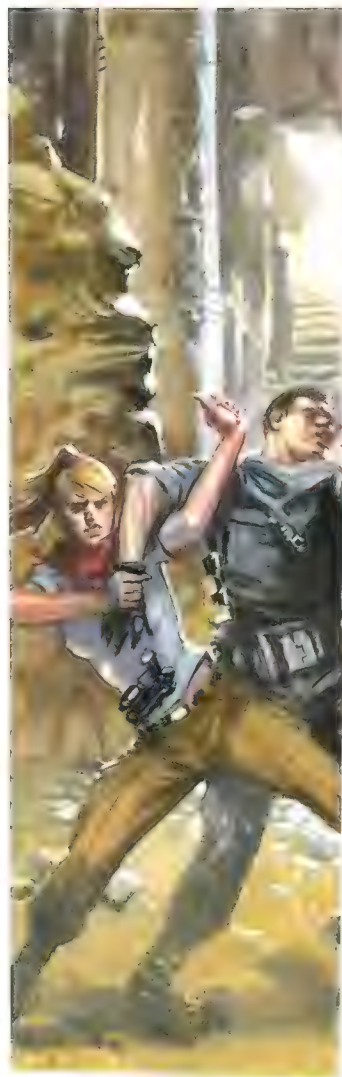
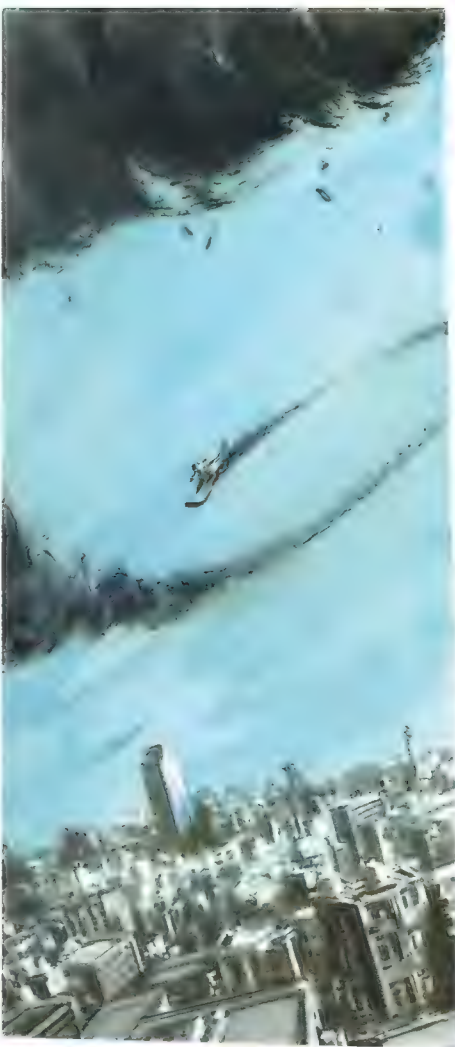
**RATATATATATAT
TATATAT**



THAT GIVES
ME THE SECOND
I NEED--



--TO GET
INSIDE THIS
BEHEMOTH!





NNNNGH--!

LOOKS LIKE CAIRO'S
ANOTHER NEIGHBORHOOD
SPIDER-MAN GETS TO
BE FRIENDLY IN.

TERESA!
YOU OKAY?
TERESA!



NNNNGH!



YOU VILE
LITTLE
INSECT!



YOU'VE
BURIED THE
GOLD EVEN
DEEPER!

YOU'VE
RUINED
EVERY-
THING--



--FOR
THE LAST
TIME.



THAP



THWAM

YOU CAN'T
IMAGINE HOW
MUCH I WISH
THAT WERE
TRUE...



...YOU
REPULSIVE
WASTE OF
CARBON.

ALMOST *SPENT*.
SPIDER-SENSE
SCREAMS FOR ME TO
GO ANYWHERE BUT
HERE. BUT *TERESA*--



PARKER!

--ISN'T THE
ONE ABOUT
TO *DIE*.



STUPID. *STUPID*.
I THOUGHT HE
WAS CLOKED!

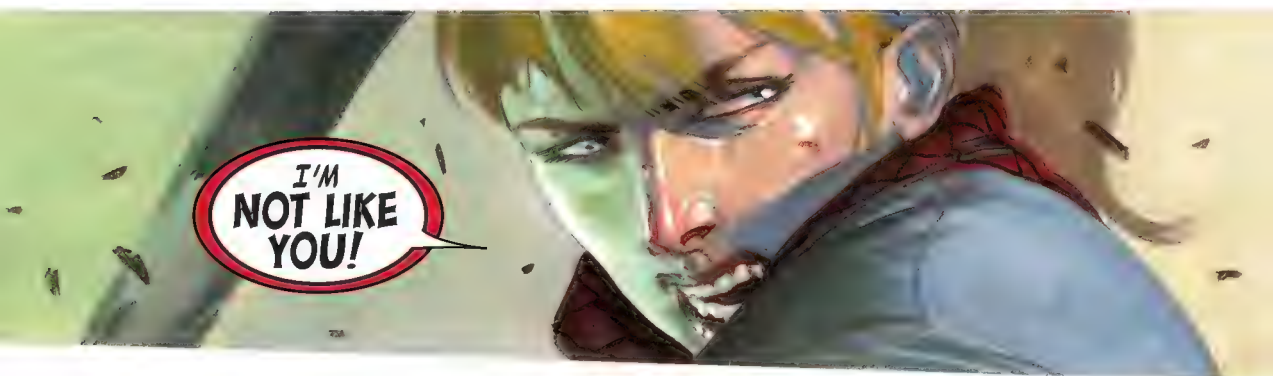
OUT OF *WEBS*.
TOO WEAK TO
CLOSE THE *GAP*
BEFORE--



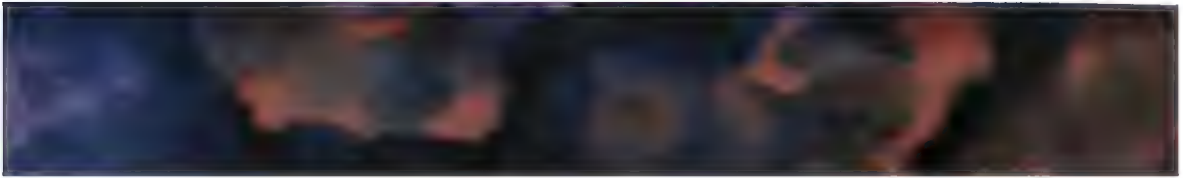
K-KLAK



DROP
IT, FAT
MAN.











BY THE TIME TERESA'S FULLY AWAKE AND THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVE, I'M ABLE TO BURY THE COSTUME AND RECLAIM MY STREET CLOTHES.

MENTALLO'S A PROOLING VEGETABLE. THE FEW SURVIVING MERCS DON'T EVEN REMEMBER THEIR OWN NAMES, MUCH LESS MINE.

SPIDER-MAN'S BIG SECRET IS SAFE AGAIN.

HOORAY.



ON THE FLIGHT HOME, WITH SOME CUES FROM ME, TERESA'S ABLE TO RECONSTRUCT ENOUGH TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING TO THE SATISFACTION OF HER SUPERIORS.

SOMEONE SAYS SOMETHING OR ANOTHER TO ME ABOUT A MEDAL. SERVICE TO MY COUNTRY. WHICH IS NICE, I GUESS...



...JUST NOT THE TAKEAWAY I'D COUNTED ON.



GOODBYE, MR. PARKER. I'M SURE YOUR PARENTS WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD OF YOU.

I'M...HERE IF YOU EVER NEED ME.

WE'RE GOOD. YOU GO BACK TO YOUR REGULAR LIFE AND LEAVE THE SPYING TO US. AND THANKS AGAIN.

TAKE CARE, OKAY?



OUI.

AND AS FOR *FISK*,
WE ASSUME HE'S
BURIED SOMEWHERE
IN THE RUBBLE.

I HOPE SO. BECAUSE
THERE'S NO GUARANTEE
HIS BRAIN WAS AS FRIED BY
MENTALLO AS EVERYONE
ELSE'S WAS, BUT...

FRUMM...

...NEED
TO...INTRODUCE
MYSELF...TO
FRUMM...

...THERE'S
GOLD... IN A
VAULT...

...AND HE
CAN HELP ME
GET IT...

...I HAVE
A PLAN...

...FINGERS
CROSSED.

Epilogue.

WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
MARY?



I KNOW
WHEN YOU'RE
WORRIED. I JUST
NEVER KNOW
ABOUT WHAT.
SPILL.



DNA
ANALYSIS
CONCLUDING...



I KNOW
THAT LOOK.
PETER'S ON
YOUR MIND.

WHEN IS
HE NOT?

I JUST
WONDER SOMETIMES
THAT...THAT HE WON'T
UNDERSTAND SOME
OF THE CHOICES
WE'VE MADE.

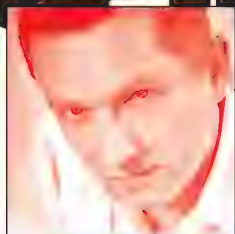






New York Times best-selling author **Mark Waid** has worked for every major company in the comics industry in a near three-decade career, writing thousands of issues including runs of *Amazing Spider-Man*, *X-Men*, *Ka-Zar* and *Fantastic Four*. His other works of note include his collaboration with painter Alex Ross, *Kingdom Come*, which earned an Eisner Award for Best Limited Series, and his long run on DC's *Flash*. He is enjoying great critical acclaim with the Eisner Award-winning *Daredevil*.

Biographies



British writer **James Robinson** is acclaimed for his runs on DC's *Starman*, *Justice Society of America* and *Superman*. For Marvel, he has scripted *Generation X*, *Fantastic Four* and *All-New Invaders*. He has written several feature-film screenplays – including the adaptation of the comic book *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* – and directed *Comic Book Villains*, which he also wrote.



Hailed as “an instant legend” by writer Brian Michael Bendis, Italian artist **Gabriele Dell'Otto** established his reputation in the European comic-book industry with a series of painted covers for Panini. Dell'Otto's stunning work caught Marvel's attention, leading to a career-making assignment on the blockbuster *Secret War*. Propelled by Dell'Otto's stunning, fully painted work, the series became an instant sell-out and earned the artist *Wizard* magazine's prestigious “Breakout Talent of the Year” award in 2004.



One of many Italian illustrators to find success in the United States in recent years, **Werther Dell'Edera** is quickly making his name as an artist capable of setting intense, simmering moods that can just as easily explode into unbelievable action. After drawing a run of the western comic *Loveless* at Vertigo, Dell'Edera came to Marvel, where he has worked with popular characters such as *Wolverine*, *Warpath* and *X-Force*.

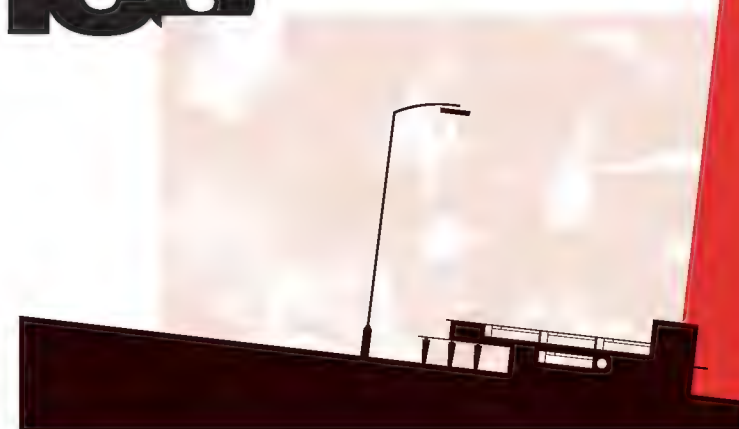


Joe Caramagna has been a regular writer and letterer for Marvel since 2007, most known for his work on *Iron Man and the Armor Wars*, *Marvel Universe: Ultimate Spider-Man*, *Amazing Spider-Man*, *Daredevil* and more. He has also written *Batman* and *Supergirl* shorts for DC Comics, and a series of *Amazing Spider-Man* novels for young readers.



Designer and illustrator **Rian Hughes** began his career in the British music, advertising and fashion industries. His strips for *2000AD* and the short-lived *Revolver* with Grant Morrison and Mark Millar are collected in *Yesterday's Tomorrows* and *Tales from Beyond Science*. He has designed numerous logos, including *Batman and Robin*, *Batgirl* and *The Invisibles* for DC and *Iron Man*, *X-Men* and *Fantastic Four* for Marvel. Recent work includes writing and art for *Batman: Black and White*.

Behind the Scenes



Page 3

PAGE THREE

PANEL ONE: CLOSE-UP OF KINGPIN. SCOWLING MASTER OF MEN.

KINGPIN: By not lolling about in SELF-PITY, Mr. Flumm. Once I was HERE, where I was UNDERESTIMATED, considered HELPLESS, I did what I ALWAYS do:

KINGPIN: I observed those AROUND me. I exploited WEAKNESSES.

PANEL TWO/FLASHBACK: KINGPIN, CHAINED, SCOWLS AT AN OLDER, WHITE-COATED NORTH AFRICAN DOCTOR ON HIS ROUNDS, POPPING PILLS.

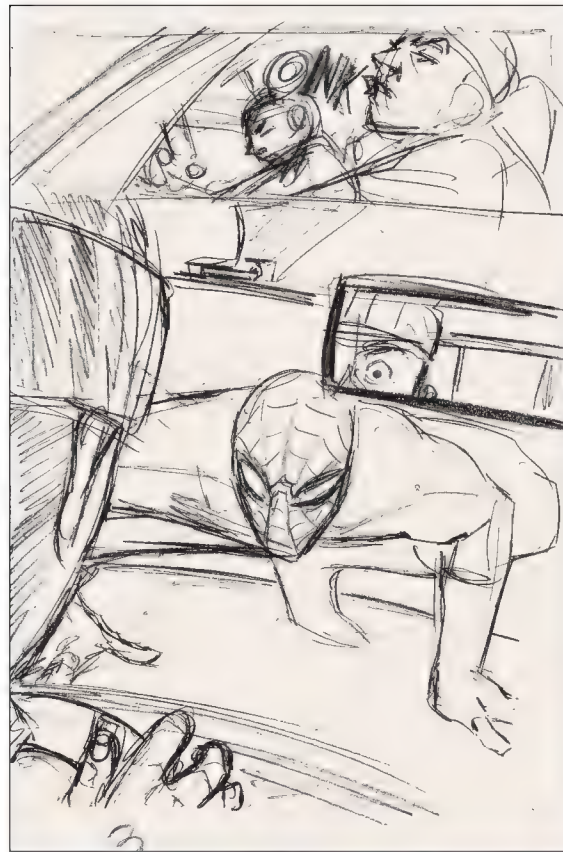
CAPTION: "I discovered the Chief Surgeon had a strong taste for a PRESCRIPTION NARCOTIC of reliable SUPPLY.

PANEL THREE/FLASHBACK: KINGPIN WRAPS HIS CHAINS AROUND THE THROAT OF A GUARD AND STARES INTO HIS EYES, LIKE A PREDATORY ANIMAN.

CAPTION: "So with some...COERCED ASSISTANCE...

PANEL FOUR/FLASHBACK: NIGHT. THE SAME GUARD SETS FIRE TO A TRUCK MARKED "ROXXON PHARMACEUTICALS."

CAPTION: "...I made that supply UNreliable...creating a demand that only I could fill."



Script, layout, final art

Page 14

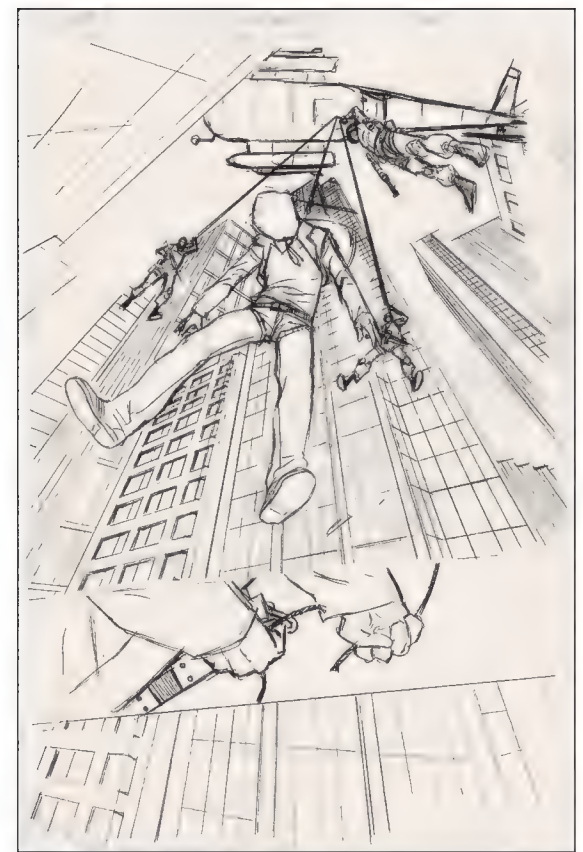
PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL ONE/BIG: OUTSIDE. A SUPER-HIGH-TECH SILENT AIR TRANSPORT HOVERS IN THE AIR OUTSIDE PETE'S BUILDING, REELING PETE AND THE SOLDIERS TOWARDS IT!

PETER CAP: --maybe I should start taking this a little more SERIOUSLY.

PANEL TWO: TIGHT ON PETE'S HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK, SNAPPING THE ROPE.

SFX: whKSSH



Script, layout, final art

Page 17

PAGE SEVENTEEN

PANEL ONE: AS THE PURSUING AIRCRAFT OPENS FIRE ON THE FLEEING CONVERTIBLE, PETE GAPES/GETS HIS FIRST GOOD LOOK AT THE DRIVER-- A BEAUTIFUL BROWN-HAIRED WOMAN ABOUT HIS AGE.

PETE: Not unless there's a JET ENGINE under the hood of this thing!

PETE: You KNOW me?

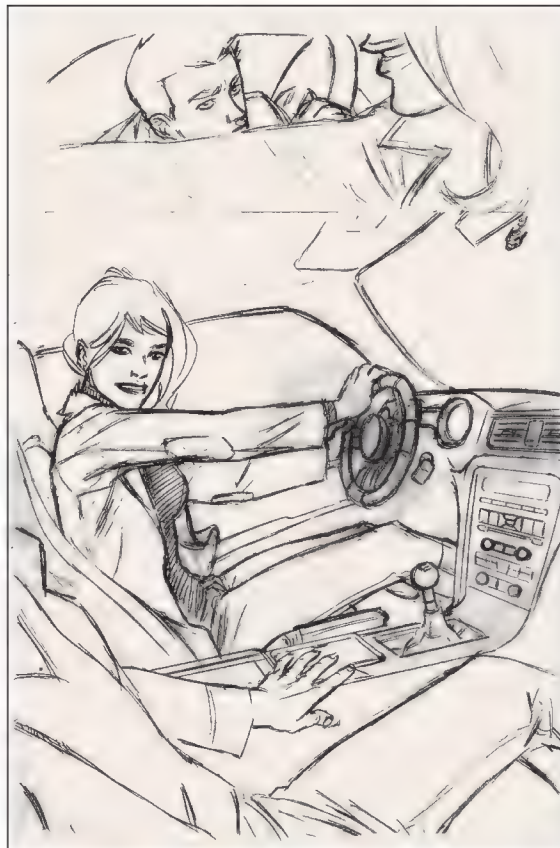
DRIVER: I've seen pictures.

PETER: Who ARE you?

DRIVER: My name is TERESA PARKER.

PANEL TWO, BIG: FOCUS ON THE DRIVER AS THE CAR ROARS DOWN THE STREET TOWARDS US, THE PURSUING AIRCRAFT STRAFING THE STREET WITH GUNFIRE! IF WE SEE PETE IN THIS SHOT, HE'S GAPING AT HER IN SHOCK.

DRIVER: I'm your SISTER.



Script, layout, final art

Page 31

PAGE THIRTY-ONE

PANEL ONE: WE LOOK AT THE SCENE FROM CYCLONE'S P.O.V. WE SEE-- SPIDEY SWINGING IN, WITH A WEB ATTACHED TO THE CEILING. HE IS COMING STRAIGHT AT US, FEET ABOVE HEAD, YOU KNOW HE DOES HE IS FIRING WEB TOWARDS US.

THE CROWD AROUND HIM (BELOW HIM, IF WE'RE LOOKING AT SPIDEY AND HE'S IN THE AIR SWINGING AT US) ARE LOOKING UP AT HIM AGHAST. SOME ARE RUNNING FROM THE SCENE, SOME ARE FROZEN ON THE SPOT. MAYBE THE CROWD ARE CROPPED AT THE TORSO, BY OUR P.O.V. BEING DIRECTLY ON SPIDEY HIGHER ABOVE THEM.

SOME OF THE CROWD ARE LOOKING STRAIGHT AT US WITH TERROR (THEY'RE LOOKING AT CYCLONE AND NOT SPIDEY.)

LET'S GIVE THIS PANEL MORE THAN HALF THE PAGE. MORE LIKE TWO THIRDS OF THE PAGE, JUST TO SHOW SPIDEY AND THE CROWD AND THE CASINO DÉCOR AROUND THEM BEFORE IT ALL GETS BLOWN AROUND.

PETER CAPTION: Forget the GUNMEN.

PETER CAPTION: Now someone's sending COSTUMES after the Parkers!

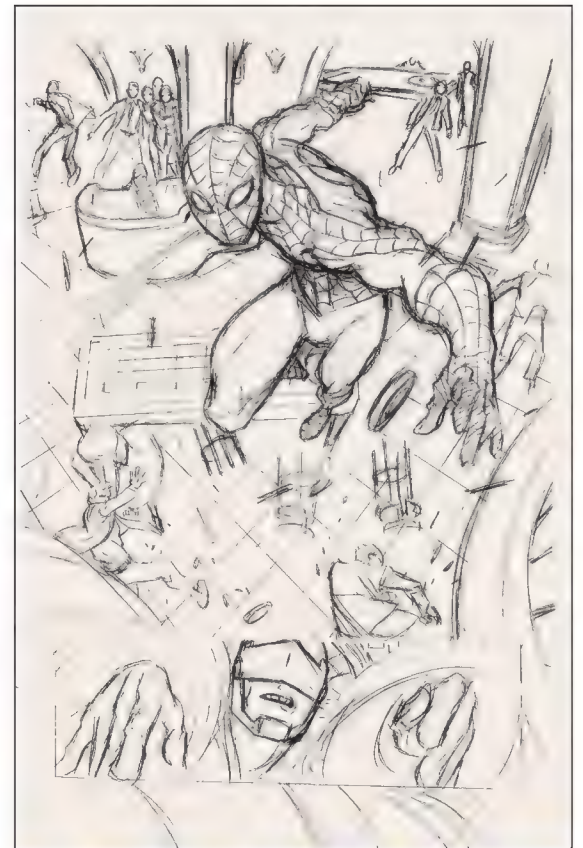
SPIDEY: Hey, Cyclone, where are your manners?

SPIDEY: Your folks never teach you not to break wind in a crowded room?

PANEL TWO: CYCLONE AIMS A TIGHT WIND-VORTEX RIGHT AT SPIDEY.

CYCLONE/small: No one mentioned SPIDER-MAN...

CYCLONE: Stay OUT of this, wall-crawler...for YOUR sake!



Script, layout, final art

Page 45

PAGE FORTY-FIVE.

PANEL ONE.

THIS IS A WIDE CINEMATIC SHOT OF EGYPT. WE SEE THE CITY AS A SWEEPING PANORAMA. HAVE SOME "OLD CAIRO" IN IT TO MAKE IT VISUAL AND INTERNATIONAL BUT PUT IN A MODERN HOTEL IN THE MIDDLE OF IT (EVEN IF IT DOESN'T EXIST IN REALITY -- AT THE END OF THE DAY THIS IS A COMIC) SO THAT WE CAN TRACK IN PAST THE ORNATE/OLD TOWARDS THE MODERN HOTEL PENTHOUSE/ROOF PANEL BY PANEL.

CAPTION: Cairo.

MENTALLO: Can I go now?

PANEL TWO.

WE CLOSE IN ON THE HOTEL, BUT WE'RE STILL FAR ENOUGH OFF FROM IT, THAT THE PENTHOUSE ROOF/BALCONY (AND WHO'S ON IT, ISN'T TOO DISTINCT YET.)

MENTALLO: Mr. Fisk?

PANEL THREE.

WE NOW CLOSE IN TIGHTER ON THE HOTEL PENTHOUSE, SUCH THAT WE CAN NOW SEE MENTALLO AND FISK ON THE PENTHOUSE BALCONY/ROOF (BIG OPEN AREA -- LUXURIOUS), BUT THEY'RE STILL SMALL, SMALL IN SHOT FOR NOW.

FROM WHAT WE CAN SEE MENTALLO IS FURTHER BACK AWAY FROM THE BALCONY/ROOF RAILING WITH FISK CLOSE TO IT, LOOKING OUT AT THE CITY WITH HIS BACK TO MENTALLO.

MENTALLO: Mr. Fisk, I've done all you asked of me, and my head won't stop hurting, so I repeat...

PANEL FOUR.

WE'RE NOW IN THE AIR, FACING THE PENTHOUSE BALCONY/ROOF. FISK IS STANDING THERE TO ONE SIDE OF PANEL, FACING US, LOOKING OUT AT THE CITY.

MENTALLO IS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF PANEL, FURTHER FROM US, FACING US TOO AS HE LOOKS AT THE BACK OF FISK'S HEAD.

MENTALLO: ...May I please go?

KINGPIN: I have always prided myself on never punishing well-thought, honest question, Mr. Frumm.

PANEL FIVE.

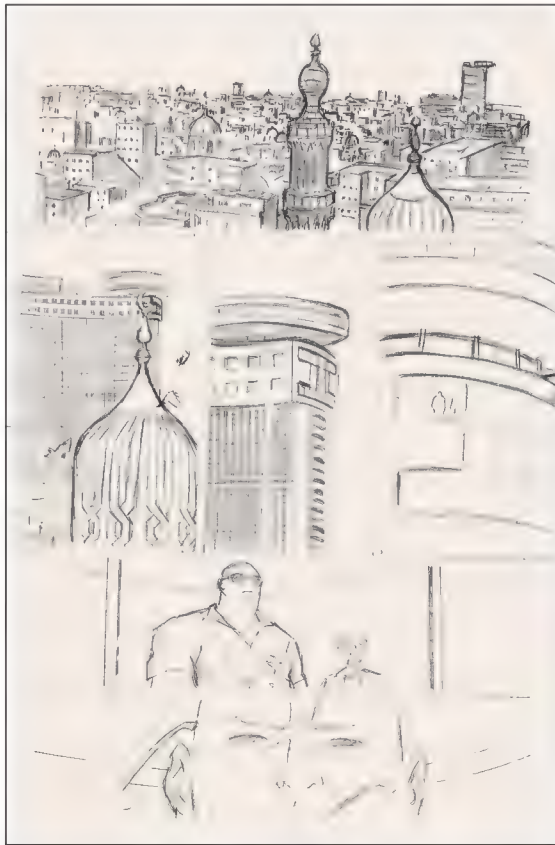
SIDE-ON MED SHOT/PROFILE SHOT OF KINGPIN STILL LOOKING OFF PANEL AT THE CITY, STILL TREATING MENTALLO AS A MINOR INCONVENIENCE.

KINGPIN: That is not one.

PANEL SIX.

TIGHTER CU OF KINGPIN, FACING HIM AS HE LOOKS OUT AT THE CITY. HE'S BASICALLY LOOKING AT US IN THE FACE.

KINGPIN: Be thankful I still need your head attached to your spine.



Script, layout, final art

Page 56

PAGE FIFTY-SIX.

PANEL ONE.

EGYPT. A SMALL AIRPORT RUNWAY. TERESA'S JET IN MIDGROUND, PYRAMIDS IN BACKGROUND. ON THE RUNWAY, OFF THE PLANE, TERESA AND PETER TAKE POSSESSION OF A WAITING JEEP FROM A SALUTING SOLDIER. WHATEVER PETER'S WEARING, IT HAS LONG SLEEVES AND LONG PANTS.

PETER CAP: So the flight to Egypt is anything but boring. Teresa has a million questions.

PETER CAP: But also a change of clothes.

PANEL TWO

TERESA: Thank you for losing the costume.

PETER: What was LEFT of it smelled like a barbecue gone horribly wrong. Not much point in hanging on, but that leaves Spidey OUT of the rest of this mission.

PANEL THREE.

TERESA/off: Not necessarily.

PANEL FOUR

TERESA: I had my people whip up a little something. They didn't ask why or for who, I didn't say.

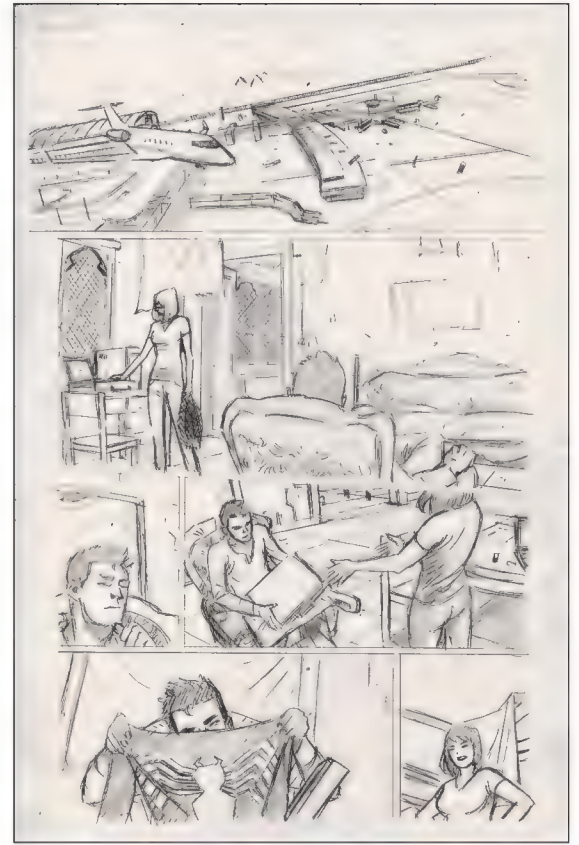
TERESA: We had to make do with materials at hand, and I guessed at the size, but...

PANEL SIX.

AS THEY RIDE INTO THE DESERT, PETE HOLDS UP HIS BLACK SPIDER-MAN COSTUME.

TERESA: ...you're back in black.

PETER: Cool.



Script, layout, final art

Page 80

PAGE EIGHTY.
PANEL ONE.
KINGPIN, MERCS AND TERESA ARE ALL FELLED BY THE IMPACT OF THE NEARBY CRASH!

PANEL TWO.
GROANING, HIS COSTUME TORN IN PLACES, A LITTLE BLOODY, SPIDEY CRAWLS FROM THE WRECKAGE.

SPIDEY: =nnNNGGH--! =

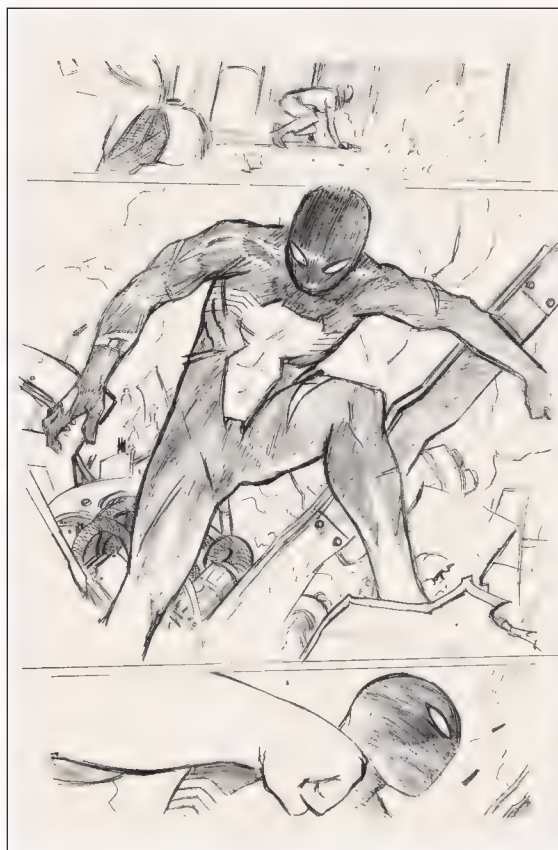
PETER CAP: Looks like Cairo's another neighborhood SPIDER-MAN gets to be friendly in.

PETER CAP: Hope they put that on my TOMBSTONE, because I'm not sure I'm walking AWAY from this one.

SPIDEY/burst: TERESA! YOU OKAY? TERESA!

PANEL THREE.
BAM! SPIDEY'S SUCKER-PUNCHED FROM BEHIND BY KINGPIN!

SPIDEY/burat: =GNNNGH! =

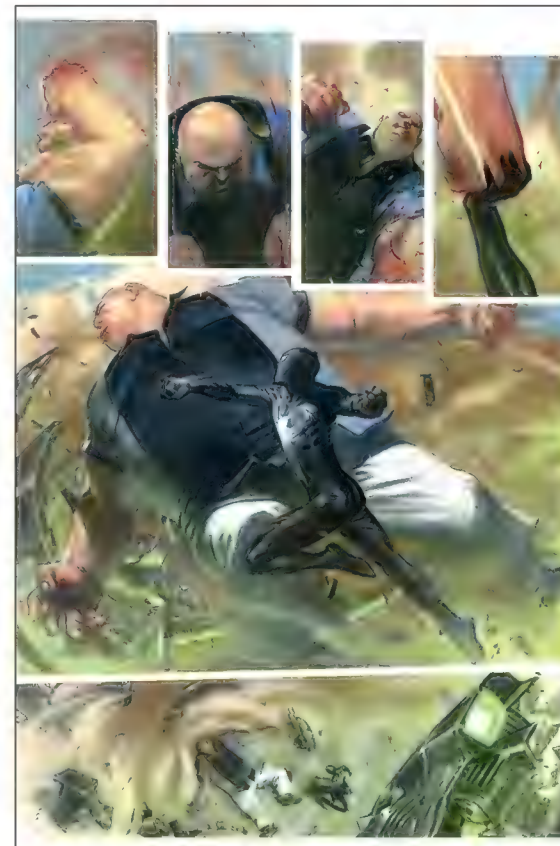


Script, layout, final art

Page 81

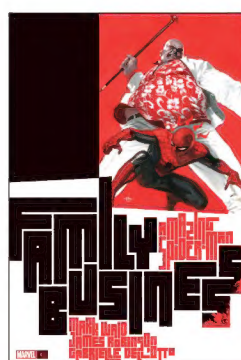
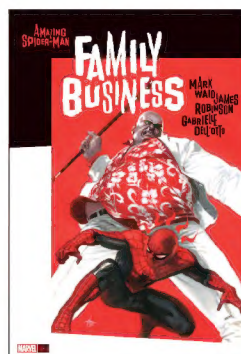
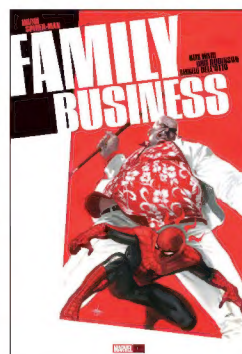
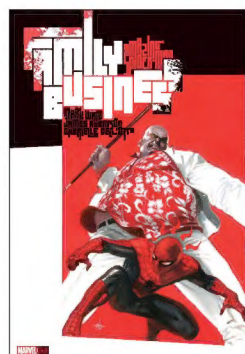
PAGE EIGHTY-ONE
PANELS.
HOWEVER YOU FEEL LIKE CHOREOGRAPHING IT--KINGPIN BEATS ON WEAKENED SPIDEY UNTIL SPIDEY MANAGES TO KICK HIM INTO THE GIANT HOLE IN THE GROUND LEFT BY THE SLEEPER. KINGPIN FALLS.

[Banter to come]



Script, layout, final art

Cover design



Some of Rian Hughes' alternative cover design concepts

Also available



Secret War
Brian Michael Bendis and Gabriele Dell'Otto
978-0-7851-4228-7



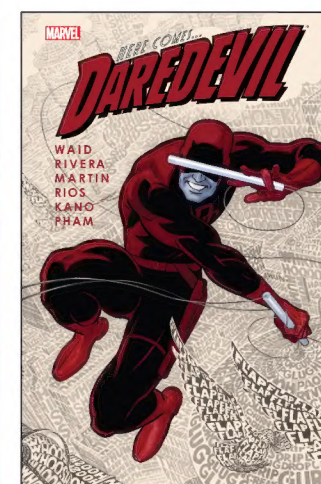
Indestructible Hulk Volume 1
Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.
Mark Waid and Leinil Francis Yu
978-0-7851-6831-7



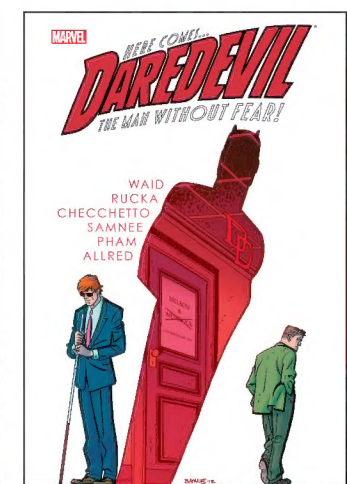
Indestructible Hulk Volume 2
Gods and Monster
Mark Waid, Walter Simonson and Matteo Scalera
978-0-7851-6832-4



Indestructible Hulk Volume 3
S.M.A.S.H. Time
Mark Waid and Matteo Scalera
978-0-7851-8884-1



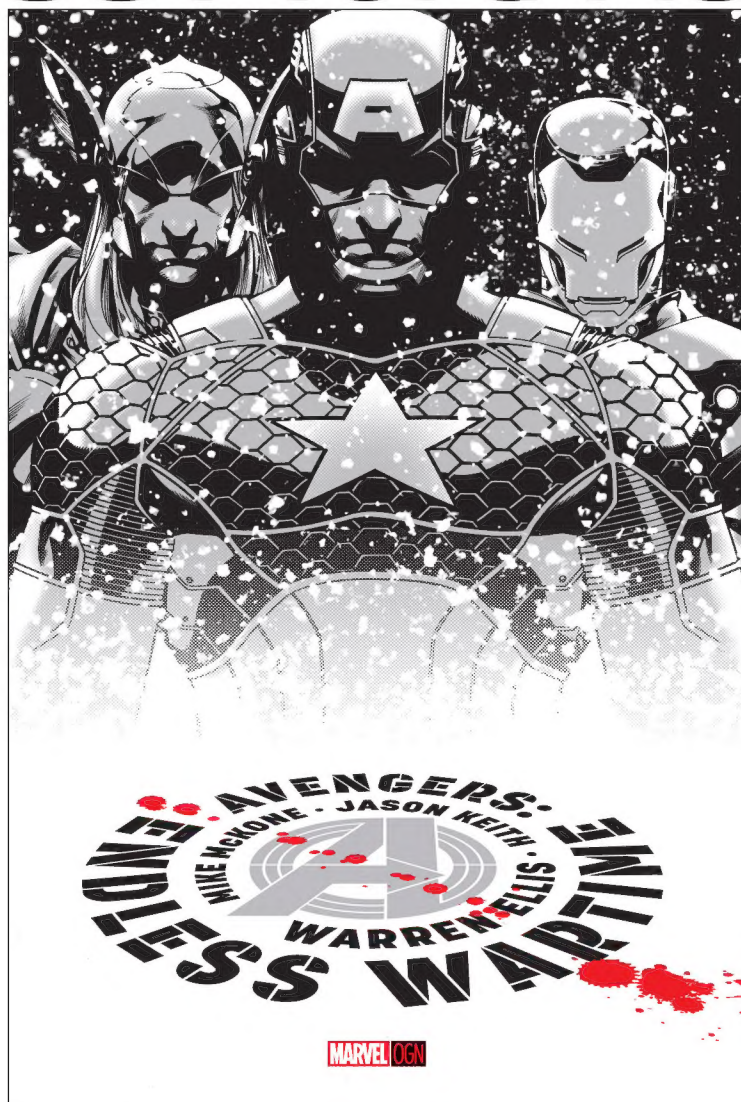
Daredevil by Mark Waid Volume 1
Mark Waid, Greg Rucka, Marco Martin and Emma Rios
978-0-7851-6806-5



Daredevil by Mark Waid Volume 2
Mark Waid, Greg Rucka, Marco Checchetto and Chris Samnee
978-0-7851-8479-9

An abomination, long thought buried,
has resurfaced in a war-torn land.
But now it wears an American flag.
Faced with another nightmare reborn,
Captain America will not stand for yet more
death at the hands of a ghost from his
past. Haunted by his greatest shame, Thor
must renew the hunt for a familiar beast.
At their side, an assemblage of allies united
to end the threats no one of them could
face alone. They are soldiers. Warriors.
Comrades-in-arms. Mighty heroes led by a
living legend, stronger together than apart.
They are the Avengers.

Avengers: Endless War



Warren Ellis, Mike McKone and Jason Keith
978-0-7851-8467-6

Following the shattering events of *Battle of the Atom*, the X-Men awaken to find all the world's humans gone. From normal everyday folks to the Avengers and Fantastic Four, all Homo sapiens have disappeared. It's up to the disparate sides of the X-Men to come together, get to the bottom of this mystery and find a way to get the humans back. But do all of the mutants want their human brethren to return? Available May 2014.


X-Men: No More Humans



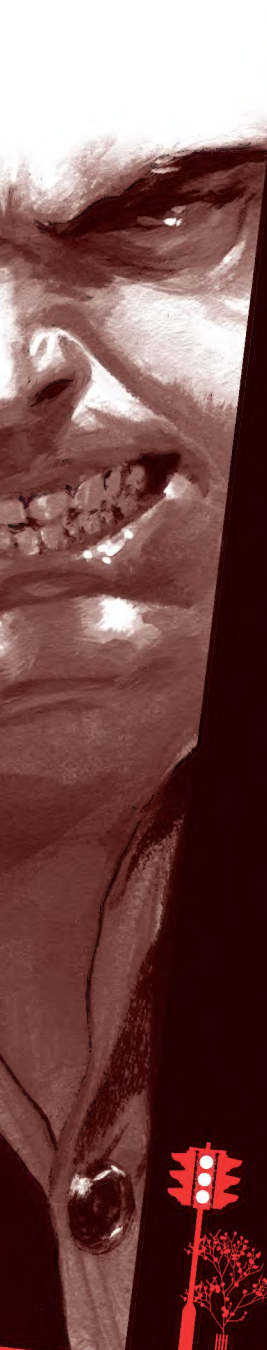
Mike Carey and Salvador Larroca
978-0-7851-5402-0

Augmented Reality

To access the free Marvel Augmented Reality app that enhances and changes the way you experience comics:


- 1** Download the app for free via marvel.com/ARapp.
- 2** Launch the app on your camera-enabled Apple iOS® or Android™ device.*
- 3** Hold your mobile device's camera over any cover or panel with the  graphic.
- 4** Sit back and see the future of comics in action!

*Available on most camera-enabled Apple iOS® and Android™ devices. Content subject to change and availability.



Someone has **Spider-Man** in their crosshairs, and the only person in the Marvel Universe who can save him is ... **Peter Parker's sister?!**

As the web-slinger meets family he never knew, will she end up becoming his greatest ally, or the one who damns him? And what does the **Kingpin of Crime** have to do with it? Witness the web-slinger's darkest hour — and greatest triumph — in this all-new, original graphic novel written by Eisner Award winner **Mark Waid** (*Daredevil*, *Indestructible Hulk*) and acclaimed author **James Robinson** (*Superman*, *All-New Invaders*), and fully painted by the legendary **Gabriele Dell'Otto** (*Secret War*)!



App content available on most camera-enabled Apple® iOS and Android™ devices.
App content subject to change and availability.

